

The Nation.

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The Week.

THE rumors about the probable course of the President are numerous and conflicting. He has had "conferences" of some length of late with Chief-Justice Chase and other "traitors," who certainly never approved of the "policy," and it is inferred from this, with some show of reason, that he is still "open to conviction." It is hoped, too, that the heavy *douche* of the elections may have cleared his brain a little and led him to view the situation with a somewhat steadier gaze than a week or two ago. Of course, all this is possible and even not improbable, but Mr. Johnson's training and the structure of his mind are such as to make it very unsafe to attempt to calculate what he will do under any given circumstances. The majority against him is, perhaps, the phenomenon he can best understand, and which will produce most effect on him. It may either induce him to remain passive hereafter—which would be unfortunate, as he has done mischief which he is bound to undo—or it may make him modify his "policy," but still insist on having a policy, which would also be unfortunate, as it would protract the conflict between him and Congress. The talk of his proclaiming universal amnesty in return for impartial suffrage is very foolish talk, and we hope does not originate with him. He has no power to make any such arrangement, and if he had ought not to make it, as it would settle only one of the very important points in the controversy between the Union and the revolted States.

WE suppose the last appearance of Mr. Johnson's party has been made. Not at the polls, but in a meeting of the National Union Committee at Washington—a body appointed by the Doolittle Convention of August last, and which has recently terminated its own existence by dispersing in a melancholy way. The business of its last session was to raise \$30,000, in order that certain debts might be paid, and the plan proposed was to tax the clerks in the departments; but some of the clerks in some of the departments had already been pained by finding a sheriff's officer in possession of the room and furniture of a little Johnson Club which they had formed among themselves; so that mode of raising funds could not be adopted. There is a peculiar fitness in the fact that certain wealthy Democrats are to be besought to pay the debts of the deceased. The Democrats may not have killed him, as the *Washington Republican* in sorrow and anger insists; but, at any

rate, he was a faithful and humble servant to the Democrats. Since the time of John Tyler, when has there been, and, except him, when has there ever been in our political history, a deader failure than the one made by Mr. Johnson, Mr. Weed, and their subordinates, in trying to get up a third party when the people had made up their minds to have but two? Indeed, we may as well not except John Tyler's.

AMONGST the signs of Mr. Johnson's conversion which are just now spoken of is his refusal to listen any longer to Democratic applications for offices. Delegations of office-seekers and their friends calling attention to the state of the post-office in their neighborhood are now every day sent away sorrowful. This is very well as far as it goes. If Mr. Johnson had only thought of it two months ago!

PROVOST-MARSHAL GENERAL FRY has just printed a report in two volumes. Probably no man ever, at the same time, had so much to do with figures and hated them so much. He had quarrels with almost every governor of a loyal State, in reference to quotas and naval enlistments, and seemed never to know just what he meant himself or just what they meant. Massachusetts, for example, should have furnished, under all calls, 139,095 men. She was made to furnish 158,380, or not far from 20,000 more than she ought. But the State, probably, cared not very much for that. Every Massachusetts man may feel proud that out of 1,292 substitutes put into the field by men not liable to draft, Massachusetts alone sent 586! We have before called attention to the proportionate mortality among the troops from various States, and shown that of all the groups of States the New England group suffered most from deaths in battle as well as deaths from disease. But one of the New England States lost a greater percentage of her soldiers than Massachusetts. Vermont lost 58 men in every hundred, Massachusetts lost 48. Kansas, a child of New England, alone of all the States excelled these two, losing 61 men in each hundred, and of all her able-bodied men she sent more than half to the front.

MR. CYRUS FIELD was fêted by the Chamber of Commerce and by the Century Club last week, by way of acknowledgment of his services in the Cable enterprise. He gave in his speech a history of his labors, and a more interesting or genuinely romantic narrative is rarely told by a merchant to merchants. The probability is that the next generation will be much more impressed by it than we are, as the thing has come upon us so gradually, and after so many disappointments, that we have never since 1857, or even then, been able to look at the whole enterprise at once.

THE New York *World* has announced during the past week that we have reached in politics a complete "dead-lock." The South will not accept the amendment, and the North can neither make it accept it nor pass it without its consent; and the President can neither make the South yield nor the North yield, nor yield himself. Moreover, until the amendment is adopted the North can do absolutely nothing. But situations like this are not novel. The North has already had some experience of this kind of embarrassment. In 1860 it found itself in almost a similar "fix." The South had no right to secede; but, according to all the Democratic lawyers, nobody had any right to prevent it. The President had the right to enforce the laws; but had no right to use force to arrest the law-breakers. The North had the right to save the Union; but no right to meddle with those who were destroying it, and so on. The muddle was, logically considered, a perfect beauty. Then, when the question of abolishing slavery came up, there were the same difficulties. As a military leader, the President had a

right to emancipate the slaves; as a civil ruler, he had not; but he could neither be wholly one nor wholly the other. He might issue a military proclamation; but it had to be constitutionally sound; and then, although he might morally liberate the slaves, physically, we were told, they would remain "held and firmly bound." The upshot of it all was that the North, in a spirit of the wildest indifference to the reasoning of Democratic sages, put down the rebellion and abolished slavery. It of course lost all character as a logician; but then it saved the nation. We suspect if the present "dead-lock" should happen to last too long, the Free States will find a similar issue from their embarrassment. They will with the greatest absurdity reorganize the South, and with the greatest illegality restore peace and good government; and with the greatest pigheadedness and stupidity peruse calmly the noble demonstrations of their folly which the Democratic press is sure to furnish.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *World* writes from Boston that "it is well known in that city that General Butler has for several days past been closeted with Governor Bullock and laboring with his excellency to have General Schouler removed, on the ground that he has all along been a Johnson man, and that Massachusetts cannot permit such a character about the State House." Despatches of this kind frequently come from "Our Washington Correspondent," representing that So-and-so was "closeted all day" with the President, trying to induce him to cut off the head of this collector or that postmaster. We have often wondered whether editors who pay for this kind of thing ever consider the extreme absurdity of it. Two grown men, of average education and ability, can in two hours, or at most three, if secured from all interruption, fully discuss all the merits and demerits as a politician of either General Schouler or any other official in the country. If General Butler was not able to say his say about Schouler in one day, he is not the man we take him for; or if, after hearing him on this great subject for a whole day, Governor Bullock expressed his willingness to "sit under him" for two days more, it must be that the governor is either duller of comprehension or has less confidence in his own powers than any other man we ever heard of.

THE *Tribune* continues to discipline its employees in public. It is evidently thoroughly purging its floor. This time it is an unfortunate reporter named Miller who has been "discharged" ("dismissed" is, as Tony Weller would say, "a more tenderer word") for attempting to edit the paper, when he was only employed to collect news for it. If these acts of wholesome severity will only bring the true nature of the distinction clearly before the mind of all the reporters in the country, the *Tribune* will have acquired a fresh claim to the gratitude of the public. If the editor will turn his awful eye, however, on some of the longer descriptive and narrative passages by which the journal is occasionally adorned, we are satisfied other culprits would soon be dragged to the whipping-post. We are not in favor of undue haste, however. All great reforms must be made slowly if their results are to be lasting.

GENERAL PILE, the successful opponent of the Hon. John Hogan for a seat in the Fortieth Congress, was charged by the *Missouri Republican*, just on the eve of the election, with being an embezzler and a thief. There was no truth in the charge, but at the late day when it was made its refutation could hardly be effective in the canvass. We commend the general's example to every candidate, whether Democratic or Republican, who in his own person suffers from what is the curse of American political journalism. He has brought suit against the *Republican* for \$50,000. We fear his best chance of getting anything lies in the fact that the whole administration of the law in Missouri is in the hands of a party bitterly opposed to the *Republican*, and which itself has proved its ability to call names.

THE *Raleigh Standard* speaks of some three or four hundred persons from counties west of Raleigh who last week passed through that city on their way to the North-western States. And this is neither the beginning nor the end of a movement which is depriving North Carolina of some of her best citizens. North Carolina is not the most illiberal of the Southern States either, and there are more men within her

boundaries who are quite poor men and yet not white slaves than in almost any of the States south of the Potomac. But these men cannot live at home. It may be true that just after the surrender of Lee and Johnston these people, who flattered themselves that the United States was their friend, were too exultant over their old enemies; they may even, in some cases, have retaliated upon them the sufferings of the preceding four years. But all that is now at an end, and the Union men of the central portion of the State are leaving their homes and seeking new. Gov. Worth's organ says that the emigration is caused by the "fears which have been excited by the declarations of the Radicals." Evidently, then, they believe in the Irish maxim of avoiding danger by meeting it half-way, and would appear to show more courage than when they were dragged, bound hand and foot, into the Confederate armies. It will be long before the more senseless of the Southern politicians will either see or seek what is the true interest of their or of any country—freedom of opinion and speech, respect for labor, legislation, so far as it may be, based on justice, "the queen of the virtues and the only durable policy of men and nations."

BRIGHAM YOUNG, preaching the other day in what the Mormons call a bowery, invited the attention of his hearers to the text which says, "In that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread and wear our own apparel, only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach." "The Government of the United States," the elder continued, "do not intend that that prophecy shall be fulfilled, and the Lord Almighty means that it shall." So the Mormons in Utah, according to all accounts, have established a system of the most odious terrorism in support of their peculiar faith, and the intention of the United States that all its citizens shall peacefully enjoy all their rights of person and property certainly does not seem to be particularly well carried out. The Mormons will allow no Gentile to preëempt land, as under the law of the United States he may. The settler must take his chance of being shot, as Brassfield was, and as Robinson has just been, and flung into the River Jordan, or ordered out of the Territory within so many hours or days—the order being enforced by a pistol held to the head of the Gentile while he writes out a promise of obedience. Brassfield was killed in the chief street of Salt Lake City, and, when the shot was fired that killed him, was walking beside the U. S. Marshal. He had married a wife from among the wives of some Mormon harem. Dr. Robinson, another Gentile, obnoxious to all true Mormons, was murdered in cold blood within a few yards of his own house—the agent in the assassination probably being some deluded fanatic employed by his spiritual masters. Polygamy may be all very well; but as long as the United States finds it necessary to keep a force in Utah to prevent the general body of its citizens there resident from being massacred or expelled, it would seem that something further might be done and measures be taken that would put a stop to this murder of individuals and the insolent tyranny of "President" Young. Why the state of affairs in Utah is not a disgrace to Congress, we do not know.

"ADMIRAL" SEMMES'S paper has come to an untimely end. We believe he steadfastly refuses, meanwhile, to resign the judgeship of probate, in spite of the urgent solicitations of his fellow-citizens, who found in the perusal of the *Mobile Gazette* nothing like compensation for the inconvenience of being unable to prove their ancestors' wills—Mr. Johnson, as our readers know, having refused to allow the "admiral" to enter on the discharge of his judicial functions. Before the paper expired, however, the "admiral" paid his respects to the writers for the Northern press who have been ridiculing and abusing him. He explained at some length the secret of the hostility of these gentlemen to him—which is, it appears, their rage and envy at seeing a true "Southern gentleman" seated in the editorial chair and defending a high-toned and unfortunate people against their malignant slanders and abuse. The vulgar dogs were chagrined beyond measure by seeing the power with which the "admiral" wielded the weapon they had disgraced, and so took to calling him a "pirate" and other bad names. The *Gazette* has gone down in a blaze of glory. The writing in it was of the same high Corinthian beauty as the "admiral's" journal of his sea-roving, and that of most Southern novels and biographies.

It is said that Mr. Seward is again urgently pressing for payment of the *Alabama* claims, and he has certainly very seriously frightened some English tourists with whom he talked on the subject. The probabilities are very strong that if he manages the matter with as much patience and discretion as he has exhibited heretofore, he will get the money without much trouble. The *London Times* now devotes several columns a week to supplying Lord Stanley with reasons for agreeing to pay it; and unless this should last too long, it would be doing an injury to the cause of morality to put a stop to it, as a more instructive exhibition of the folly as well as wickedness of the course pursued by the *Times* during the war than is now afforded by the contrast between its present reasoning and its teaching of three years ago, is rarely witnessed. Unless Mr. Seward can supply more "improving reading" himself, he ought not to interfere just yet.

THE most prominent point of interest in the English news is the increasing excitement about the case of Governor Eyre, whom the Jamaica committee have fully resolved to indict for murder. All, or nearly all, the distinguished men in the kingdom are ranging themselves on one side or other, Tennyson, amongst others of less note, subscribing to the Eyre Defence Fund, an occurrence which Mr. J. M. Ludlow pronounces "a public calamity." There is something sad as well as amusing in the reflection that foremost amongst Eyre's supporters are the most violent assailants of Generals Butler, Neill, and Turchin. They exhausted their vocabulary in abusing these gentlemen for having, under pressure of what they considered necessity, and when surrounded by a powerful and infuriated enemy, put men to death without trial, but, curiously enough, refuse consent not only to Gov. Eyre's punishment, but even to the submission to a judge and jury of the question whether he has acted illegally or not. The only defender the governor has found in this country so far is the *New York World*, which a few days ago whitewashed him in rolling periods.

THE news from Spain seems to indicate the near approach of an attempt to convert the government into an absolute monarchy of the sixteenth-century stamp. The Queen is forty years old, and has become a "devotee," as women in southern countries are apt to do at that age; has put her conscience, both in matters secular and matters religious, in the hands of her confessor, Father Claret, who is endeavoring to revive the régime of Philip II. The newspapers have been suppressed; martial law proclaimed; thousands of people imprisoned or transported, and whatever of secularization there was in Spanish institutions is being removed to make way for sacerdotal government, and a *coup d'état* formally abolishing the Cortez is daily expected. The move is a bold one, but its failure is tolerably certain. Its excesses will kill it; and it will probably, though at the cost of much suffering to individuals, be the means of raising the Spanish people finally into the family of "modern nations." It is doubtful whether anything less violent would have sufficed to rouse Spaniards into progress; and if it does suffice, it will be another signal illustration of the extent to which the excesses of the reactionary party aid in its overthrow.

THE Pope has issued an allocution upon the condition and prospects of the Church, in which he denounces what he calls the "Sub-Alpine Government," meaning the Kingdom of Italy, in that sonorous vituperation for which Papal documents are famous, but the ludicrousness of which is partly due to the fact that we generally see only the translations from the Latin. The missive consists mainly of a fierce denunciation of all Italian reforms, such as the secularization of church property, the abolition of monasteries, the institution of civil marriage, "which," says his Holiness, "has been productive of a concubinage that is perfectly scandalous," and which, we may be allowed to add, if it has "produced" more concubinage in Italy than sacramental marriage, deserves all the reprobation he can bestow on it. In fact, there is hardly any feature which distinguishes what is called modern from mediæval society on which his Holiness does not empty the vials of his wrath. Perhaps the most curious thing of the epistle is his reiterated assertion of the necessity of territorial sovereignty to the liberty of the head of the Church side by side with professions of the profoundest faith in the efficacy of the Divine protection.

THE FREEDMEN.

THE following instances have been cited to prove that South Carolina is sincerely desirous to execute judgment impartially among her citizens, according to her late professions. In the Pickens district, a white woman was arraigned for infanticide, together with a negro, the reputed father. The latter was acquitted of being accessory, as the testimony was insufficient to substantiate the general opinion of his guilt. In Newberry district, a white man was convicted by negro testimony of the murder of a negro; and in Anderson district, a white man was convicted of burglary on the premises of a negro, who was also the chief witness for the prosecution. The sentences in these cases are not reported. An unprecedented amount of criminal business occupied, it is remarked, the Court of General Sessions lately held for one week at Anderson—a sign that the day of plantation law is at an end. The sentences are worth reproducing here:

Whites.—Moses Lackey, horse-stealing, to be hung; John Smart, grand larceny, three years' imprisonment; Robert Todd, malicious trespass, fined ten dollars and costs.

Freedmen.—Henry Cheatham, murder, to be hung; John Smith, grand larceny (on claiming the benefit of clergy), three years' imprisonment; Allen Reeve, sheep-stealing, six months' imprisonment and hard labor alternate weeks; Tony Jennings and Isham Carter, grand larceny, same sentence as foregoing; Tony McCully, obstructing railway, six months' imprisonment and five hundred dollars cash down, or five hundred days extra in jail; Clara Bailey, petit larceny, three months' imprisonment and hard labor.

—The following is the text of that portion of the pastoral letter of the Second Plenary Council of the Catholic Church lately held in Baltimore which relates to the freedmen:

"We must all feel, beloved brethren, that in some manner a new and most extensive field of charity and devotedness has been opened to us by the emancipation of the immense slave population of the South. We could have wished that, in accordance with the action of the Catholic Church in past ages in regard to the serfs of Europe, a more gradual system of emancipation could have been adopted, so that they might have been in some measure prepared to make a better use of their freedom than they are likely to do now. Still, the evils which must necessarily attend upon the sudden liberation of so large a multitude, with their peculiar dispositions and habits, only make the appeal to our Christian charity and zeal presented by their forlorn condition the more forcible and imperative.

"We urge upon the clergy and people of our charge the most generous co-operation with the plans which may be adopted by the bishops of the diocese in which they are, to extend to them that Christian education and moral restraint which they so much stand in need of. Our only regret in regard to this matter is that our means and opportunity of spreading over them the protecting and salutary influences of our holy religion are so restricted."

—The self-respect exhibited by the freedmen of the South is certain to receive in time its proper tribute even from the mouths of those who predicted their utter demoralization under liberty. And this is a quality, evidently, that does not belong to races doomed to an early extinction. The *Charlotte (N. C.) Times* speaks of a well-dressed procession of over eight hundred colored persons that followed in the funeral of the late elder Byrd Taylor, of the Methodist Church, as one of the largest of the kind ever witnessed in that city, "and, we may say, one of the most orderly." It goes on to say:

"The former slaves in this community, as a general rule, are respectful and polite to the whites, and act so as to cause their former masters to take a deep interest in their welfare. They have several schools, and are making progress in education and the arts of civilized life, and, so far from throwing obstructions in their way, everything is done to assist and advance them."

So a Virginia paper tells of the "very considerable crowd" that preferred a concert of the "Black Swan" to a circus performance. "We saw," says the editor, "but few white persons in attendance. The audience, composed as it was almost wholly of negroes, applauded frequently, but behaved with the utmost decorum."

—General Foster's report for October presents, on the whole, a satisfactory view of affairs in Florida. Only at two points has it been necessary to send troops to assist the officers of the Bureau. The close of the working season has brought with it numerous cases for arbitration. The education of the blacks is progressing under the most favorable auspices, the whites being even desirous of seeing the freedmen educated and their schools prosperous. The people—i. e., the voters—are greatly interested in politics, and side warmly with the President. Provisions are scarce, and taxes must wait for the cotton to come in.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. DAWSON & BROTHERS, of Montreal, announce the speedy publication of "A Manual of British-American Bibliography" by Mr. Henry J. Morgan. The book will contain the titles of all works or pamphlets relating to the history and affairs of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, Prince Rupert's Land, Vancouver's Island, and British Columbia published since the time of their discovery and first settlement up to the present day. There will be also a list of British-American authors, writers, and journalists, accompanied by short biographical notices and a record of their works and writings, with critical remarks. Apparently the work intends to exhaust its subject.

—Prof. William D. Whitney, of Yale College, is about to send to Germany the American offerings for the "Bopp-Stiftung," instituted in memorial of the publication of Bopp's "Comparative Grammar" and intended to form a fund to advance the study of comparative philology. If there are any more persons who wish to increase the contributions from America, which have been shamefully small, less than those of many a town in Germany, let them communicate at once with Professor Whitney.

—The Fenian song, "The Wearing of the Green," has suggested to Mr. John Esten Cooke a title for a collection of sketches of character and adventure in the late rebellion. He calls it "Wearing of the Gray" (an article is needed to make it grammatical), and in it gives graphic portraits of Stuart, Hampton, Ashby, Mosby, and other Confederate leaders, as well as minute accounts of some of the later scenes of the war. Mr. Cooke was the chief of Gen. Stuart's staff, and is known by a "Life of Stonewall Jackson" and a war-novel, "Surry of Eagle's Nest." Some of these sketches were originally published in the *New York World*. The book is to be published by Messrs. E. B. Treat & Co.

—Mr. James E. Munson, the official stenographer of the Surrogate's Court of New York, has in press a new instruction book in phonography and reporting entitled "The Complete Phonographer." This work has for some time been looked for by short-hand writers with considerable interest, as it will embody all the latest improvements of the art. It will be published on Monday, November 26, by Robert H. Johnson & Co., 64 Nassau Street.

—The University crews of Yale and Harvard will probably be glad to hear that they need no longer be restricted to a raw beefsteak and oatmeal diet. So, at least, Mr. Archibald McLaren says in his book, "Training, in Theory and Practice," just published by Macmillan. Not only are his theories of diet for rowing and walking new, and much at variance with the arbitrary rules laid down by ignorant trainers, but he objects to the ordinary methods of becoming athletic. The chest, he says, is the first thing to be considered, and he finds that that is not improved, but absolutely injured, by constant rowing. In selecting crews, mere muscular force of arms or willingness to train should not alone be considered, but the general condition of the body and its capacity for improvement. A minimum of thirty-six inches is indispensable to the chest of every good oarsman. Before our college students can equal the English university clubs in rowing they must train more scientifically than they have hitherto done, and Mr. McLaren's little volume will help them to it.

—Still another translation of Homer has been published; this time by Professor John Stuart Blackie, of Edinburgh, and the labor of twelve years. Professor Blackie aims at something more than a mere translation; he makes that, indeed, the centre-piece of his work, which is intended to represent faithfully the minstrel character of Homer, and to bring out every trait and touch of old Hellenic life and feeling with a discriminating preference. He prefixes to this a series of dissertations on the characteristics and growth of early Hellenic poetry, and adds a continuous commentary on the poem, to direct the reader's attention to the peculiarities of old Hellenic faith and life, successively, as they occur in the poem. He begins by praising the translation of Pope as a

poem, and goes on to say that Homer, in English verse, can, and should be, in many respects, better than the original. The metre chosen is the fourteen-syllabled measure, used before by Chapman, for which a variety of reasons is given. In many cases, by a skilful use of rhymes in the line, he has succeeded in producing a good imitation of the Homeric sound and swing. The celebrated line,

"βῆ δ' ἄχέων παρὰ θίνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,"

is thus translated:

"But silent went to the billowy beach of the vast and voiceful sea,"

which, with some amplification, gives the sense and the rhyme of the original. In a similar way is treated the familiar line:

"δούπησεν δὲ πηδῶν, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχεα ἐπ' αὐτῷ."

"With heavy sound he smote the ground, and his armor rattled o'er him."

Professor Blackie seems to have worked over every line with equal care, and has produced a thoroughly Homeric translation.

—There will shortly be published, under the superintendence of the Master of the Rolls, all the extant records of the English guilds. This will be of great service to students of English history during the mediæval period, for only one book exists on guilds—a German one—which consists principally of conjecture, with a very slight substratum of fact. These records give a complete picture of the daily and holiday life of an English tradesman in the Middle Ages, as they contain full particulars of dress, amusements, and the regulations of trade.

—At the approaching Paris Exhibition there is to be shown a collection of the finest specimens of French printing and bookbinding. M. Firmin Didot, the Duc d'Aumale, and other distinguished collectors have promised to contribute, and copies of the first edition of Jacques de Thou, 1582, and of the first edition of Montaigne's works, 1595, once the property of Queen Elizabeth, have already been offered.

SCIENTIFIC.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ORDNANCE COMPARED.—The largest Armstrong gun yet made has the same weight of metal, namely, 22 tons, as the 15-inch Rodman, or Dahlgren, gun, which is the heaviest gun in the American service. The English gun is made of welded coils of wrought-iron, and is rifled; the American gun is made of cast-iron, and is a smooth-bore. A vessel which can carry the Rodman gun can carry the Armstrong gun. Which of these two guns is the more effective?

1. *Charge of powder*: Armstrong gun, 100 lbs.; Rodman gun, 50 lbs. The powder used in the English gun is the best of powder; that used in the American gun is purposely prepared in such a manner that it shall burn slowly.

2. *Initial velocity*: Armstrong gun, 1,420–1,460 feet per second, with 100 lbs. powder and 580 lb. shot; Rodman gun, 1,114 feet per second, with 50 lbs. powder and 450 lb. shot. The charge of powder which the Armstrong gun can bear being double what the American gun can endure, the initial velocity of the heavier English shot fired from a rifled gun is considerably greater than that of the lighter American shot fired from a smooth-bore. Of course, the range of the rifled gun is immensely greater than that of the smooth-bore.

3. *Accuracy*: The Armstrong gun has shown an accuracy which no smooth-bore gun can approach. In a series of firings made to determine the accuracy of the gun, the lateral deviation of the 510 lb. shot at 4,000 yards varied from nothing to a maximum of four yards. The charge of powder used was 70 lbs. There is some good evidence on record touching the accuracy, or rather want of accuracy, of the Rodman smooth-bores. In his elaborate report on the bombardment of Fort Pulaski, General Gilmore states distinctly his conclusions as to the value of smooth-bores for breaching purposes; they are as follows: 1. At ranges less than 700 yards, light smooth-bores are inferior to rifles; while heavy smooth-bores are advantageous either alone or in combination with rifles. 2. At ranges greater than 700 yards, rifled guns are superior to any smooth-bores. 3. For ranges over 1,000 yards, smooth-bores should be "scrupulously excluded." The reason for excluding smooth-bores from batteries at a distance from the object to be hit greater than 1,000 yards is, that at such ranges it is impossible to hit

anything with a shot from a smooth-bore gun. The immense superiority of the wrought-iron rifled gun, which can strike effectively a hostile ship, or a hostile battery, at a distance of 4,000 yards, over the cast-iron smooth-bore, which is absolutely useless at a range above 1,000 yards, is painfully apparent.

4. *Work*: In order to give a distinct idea of the work of which the Armstrong gun is capable, it will be necessary to quote Captain Noble's description of the *Hercules* target, the strongest target ever fired at at Shoeburyness. The upper half of this target was faced with a wrought-iron plate 9 inches thick, and the lower half with a similar plate 8 inches thick. Behind both plates was a compact backing, consisting of 12-inch timber laid horizontally, and divided by four horizontal iron plates placed edgewise. This backing rested against a skin of two 3-inch plates. The whole of this structure was secured to iron ribs 10 inches deep, with vertical timber worked in between them. Behind the ribs were 18 inches of solid timber, confined by 7-inch iron ribs, inside all, and an iron skin. Exclusive of the 7-inch inside ribs, this target was 4 feet thick. The Armstrong gun, firing 580 lb. shot of steel or chilled iron, with 100 lbs. of powder, has repeatedly penetrated this target at a distance of 200 yards, and so effectually that portions of some of the shot passed completely through the target into the space behind it. In contrast with this fact, let us place the significant fact, mentioned in the last note on ordnance and armor printed in *THE NATION* (No. 70), that the American 15-inch gun was unable, in the fight of Mobile Bay, to pierce the sides of the *Tennessee*, protected by only 6 inches of iron and 30 inches of wood, although the range was only 10 feet. This result is just what we should expect from the comparative charges of powder employed. It is easy to understand that 100 lbs. of powder should do more than 50 lbs. Meanwhile, where is the Parrott gun, the only heavy American rifled gun, with its bursting charge of 10 lbs. of powder?

Captain Noble proves conclusively, from the English tables of experimental firings, and from the calculations he has based thereon, that the American 15-inch gun, firing 480 lb. steel shot (and we have no such efficient projectile), with 50 lb. charges, the heaviest the gun will bear, is incapable of piercing the *Lord Warden* target—a target which represents a wooden vessel, protected by one iron plate $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches of timber, and an inner iron skin $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick. This target is readily pierced at a range not exceeding 1,000 yards by an English wrought-iron, muzzle-loading, 9-inch rifled gun, weighing only 12 tons, and firing a steel shot of 221 lbs., with a charge of 44 lbs. of powder. Since the publication of Captain Noble's comprehensive report, a new set of experiments has shown that a target composed of 18 inches of solid teak, covered in front with a solid plate of iron 8 inches thick, and strengthened at the back by an inner skin of $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch iron, can be completely pierced by a 250 lb. shell of Palliser's chilled iron, fired with a charge of 44 lbs. of powder from a 9-inch wrought-iron rifled gun. This 9-inch gun, weighing about 12 tons, is therefore very much more effective than our 15-inch gun, which weighs 23 tons.

The defenders of cast-iron guns have a theory that an enemy's vessel is to be best destroyed or disabled by firing against its sides shot which are unable to penetrate, but which will "rack," the vessel. Before the days of armor, it was thought best to send shells into an enemy's vessel, there to kill men and dismount guns. It would have been better, according to this "racking" theory, to throw balls against, not through, the wooden walls, in order to jar the sides of the vessel to pieces. The absurdity of the theory is manifest. It gives up all chances of destroying the propelling machinery, blowing up boilers and magazines, and creating leaks below the water-line; it abandons the idea of exploding shells among the enemy's crew and guns, and relies upon heavy concussions against the vessel's sides. The reliance is a very feeble one. The *Tennessee* was hammered as thoroughly as any vessel could be, and not injured. Especially is this "racking" theory absurd when applied to ordnance intended for forts which protect harbors or roadsteads. There certainly would be no time to "rack" a strong iron-clad to pieces while she was steaming by a fort, but she might very easily be "punched" with fatal effect.

The opponents of rifled heavy guns have often asserted that these guns were soon disabled by usage—that the bore was "scoured out"

by the hardened projectiles employed in them. There seems to be no foundation whatever for this assertion. The 600 lb. Armstrong gun has been fired more than 150 times without sustaining the least injury, or being perceptibly altered in any respect. This is explicitly stated by the officers who superintended the testing of the gun. The English have a very large number of rifled guns in service, and no credible complaint of their "scouring out" has ever been made. The question of the expediency of rifling heavy guns is, however, one entirely distinct from the question of the best material for guns—cast or wrought iron. Smooth-bores, to fire a round projectile, may be made of wrought-iron, and such guns would be greatly more durable and more effective than smooth-bores made of cast-iron; it would simply be necessary that the gun should be built up of wrought-iron coils, around a hard core of steel or cast-iron.

The high cost of wrought-iron guns is sometimes urged as an argument for the use of cast-iron. The question of expense, however, is the last one to be considered in an enquiry of this nature. On the day of battle, at the critical moment in preparation for which guns are made, an effective gun which sinks the enemy's ship is cheap whatever its cost; while an impotent gun, which imperils the national honor or safety, is dear at any price. Captain Noble, moreover, maintains that the total cost of gun, carriage, and 100 rounds of ammunition, is very nearly the same for the 9-inch, 13-ton, wrought-iron, rifled English gun, and the 15-inch, 23-ton, cast-iron, smooth-bore American gun. As we have seen above, the English gun is much the more effective of the two.

Although the whole influence of our Government before and during the war, and even to the present moment, has been given for smooth-bore cast-iron ordnance, firing cast-iron projectiles, yet there is at least one high official who has perceived that the American ordnance is wholly unworthy of a nation which claims to be especially ingenious, practical, and alive to the progress of the mechanical arts. Indeed, cast-iron ordnance has come to be called American ordnance, an unpleasant fact for any one who is sensitive for American reputation. We may congratulate ourselves, then, on the decided opinion expressed so long ago as the 25th of January, 1864, by Assistant-Secretary Fox, in the report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War: "My opinion is, that we have got to come to wrought-iron or steel guns, and abandon cast-iron."

EDUCATIONAL.

On the 29th and 30th of October ult. there was a meeting held in Chicago of the presidents of the colleges of Illinois. Out of fifteen presidents nine were present, and formed an association called the Illinois State Collegiate Association. They discussed many important topics connected with collegiate education. Among these topics were the propriety of asking their State to aid these colleges, and the best method of disposing of the agricultural college grant of land made by Congress. They also considered the subject of shorter or special or practical courses of study in colleges, and the propriety of educating the youth of both sexes in the same colleges.

Upon the subject of special courses of study they appear to have been unanimous as to the necessity of introducing such into all colleges. But they insist that these should not be shorter. They ought to be equal in value and time to the classical course, and should entitle to the same degrees. As to the agricultural college fund, they seem to think that the existing colleges could make it more useful by combining under a board of regents and using their present endowments to teach the other studies and this to teach agriculture alone, than by putting the whole into one great college. As to asking for State aid, they merely expressed their opinion that the State would aid itself by aiding them. They adjourned the question of educating the sexes together.

MR. WALKER'S SCIENCE OF WEALTH.*

THERE are two great schools of political doctrine. The one looks upon man as a being to be taken care of; the other, as a being able to take care of himself. The one is the school of restriction, absolutism, despotism, and

* "The Science of Wealth. A Manual of Political Economy. Embracing the Laws of Trade, Currency, and Finance. By Amasa Walker, Lecturer on Political Economy in Amherst College." Boston. 1866. 8vo, pp. 478.

slavery. The other is the school of personal liberty and equal rights. The latter has, we regret to say, very few thorough-going disciples. We have, indeed, plenty ready to maintain the capacity of man for self-government as an abstract proposition; but they are far from willing to put the doctrine, with all its logical consequences, into practice. Some uphold it stoutly, universally (provided that you limit its application to the Caucasian race). But we never find a party—and rarely a man—who thinks the human individual can safely be trusted with any other than a partial and qualified freedom. The doctrine of universal freedom is left for radicals and other iconoclasts ahead of the age.

While we cannot include Mr. Amasa Walker in this category, we must give him the credit of belonging to the school of freedom, inasmuch as he does not maintain that man needs the assistance of legislatures to get rich, and will do divers very foolish things unless restrained by act of Congress. The precision of his ideas and the correctness of his reasoning are in strong contrast to the great mass of our politico-economical literature, and we may safely say that our country has produced no work on the subject which is better worth reading. He lacks Wayland's clearness of style and felicity of expression, and this is the principal defect in the work. Not that he is positively obscure. He is not. But if there is any subject in which complete transparency of expression is of the first importance, it is political economy. Compelled to reason with mathematical exactness, and make questions of mathematical intricacy plain to the general reader, the political economist must fail to convince unless his style is as clear as his subject is abstruse.

Next to expelling from the ranks of its recognized cultivators all writers whose ideas are more than half a century behind the age, the great want of political economy is a logical arrangement of its parts. Mr. Walker adopts the usual divisions of production, distribution, exchange, and consumption, only interchanging the second and third. This division is equivalent to none at all. Exchange belongs to production as much as transportation does. Before a hat reaches its final destination on the head of its owner, it must be *made, transported, and sold*; and several sales and transportations may alternate. Why put the latter operation into the same class with that of making and not the former? We see no reason except the fancy of writers. At one time production was thought to be complete when the raw material of an article was produced. But it was soon found that no line could be drawn between raw material and finished product. Then it was completed when the article was fit to use in respect to its internal constitution, whether it was in the right place or not. This is still Mr. Carey's notion, who, notwithstanding the age in which he lives, maintains that a barrel of flour is really as valuable in Iowa as in Paris, the difference in price arising only from the cost of transportation. We may maintain, in reply, that the flour is as valuable in the form of wheat as in that of flour, the difference arising only from the cost of grinding. Political economists now see that production is not complete until the loaf of bread is in the hands of the eater, and we suspect that, before many years, they will see that it is not complete until he has actually eaten it.

The classification is not only fanciful, but it lacks logical order. We cannot understand profits on capital, distribution, or rent until we understand the laws which regulate the rate of interest. But, in the usual division, interest is the last of the three. This looseness of ideas proceeds mainly from viewing the science as a physical one, in which the classifications and definitions are to be chemical or industrial, instead of a moral one in which they are to have reference solely to the human mind. That the latter is the true view cannot, we conceive, be contested. Let us look at the most commonplace manifestation of the science, the market price of goods. What is the market price of flour on any given day? Clearly it is only the price which certain individuals choose to give and certain others to take on that day. It is a record of human actions, not of physical facts. Why these actions? The wants and the opinions of the actors. The want of flour by the one party, the want of money by the other, and the opinion of both about the price of flour in future days and in other places.

Here we find our ideas obstructed by the *pons asinorum* of metaphysicians, the notion that the acts of a free agent like man cannot be the subject of exact law and scientific prediction. This fallacy seems to seize the race the moment it begins to reason abstractly about human freedom and responsibility. See, for instance, Professor Goldwin Smith on the study of history. We have had volumes—nay, libraries—of reasoning of which this fallacy was the basis; and every generation brings forth its disputants to impale each other on the horns of the imaginary dilemma, one side maintaining that man is not free because all his acts are the subject of exact law, the other that his acts are not the subject of exact law because he is free. It fortunately happens that the fallacious character of such reasoning is plain to the

commonest understanding when applied to any concrete case. What, for instance, should we think of such a conversation as this between a philosopher and a bank director:

Philosopher.—"Don't trust your president. He is just as likely as not to leave for Europe to-night with all the funds he can steal."

Director.—"Why, sir, he is incapable of such an act!"

"Incapable? Not at all, sir. If he were, he would not be a free agent, and would not be entitled to the slightest character for honesty, because he would act honestly merely because he was incapable of acting otherwise. But you know he is a free agent, therefore you cannot predict what he will do; therefore, for aught any one can know, he is just as likely to go to Europe with everything he can carry as he is to go home. Moreover, the police, being also free agents, are under no necessity to stop him, and are, therefore, just as likely to abet as to obstruct him."

Any one who can see the fallacy of this reasoning can see that there is no real detraction from human freedom in defining political economy as part of the general science which infers the actions of men from their characters and the conditions in which they are placed—the particular boundaries being fixed not so much by exact logical definition as by our power of predicting acts. It has reference to wealth simply because those acts of which wealth is the object are almost the only ones we can reduce to exact general laws. As political economists find their definitions to fail, they are driven to introduce the moral element into them more and more, and they will never find them entirely satisfactory until they are arranged with sole reference to the relations of the things defined to human emotions. LABOR will then be looked upon as the efforts of man to satisfy his desires. WEALTH will be the instruments of gratification. VALUE will be intensity of desire. CAPITAL will be that portion of wealth from the enjoyment of which the owner is *abstaining* for the sake of an *increased* future gratification. The divisions of political economy will probably be: (1) Description of the different kinds of labor (production, transportation, exchange, consumption); (2) Description of the different kinds of wealth (capital, natural agents, money, etc.); (3) Investigation of the laws of value (profits, distribution, rent, interest, etc.)

While in his general ideas of the definition and fundamental nature of the science Mr. Walker is in advance of most of his contemporaries, he has not built solidly on the foundation we should like to see underlie the science, either in his definitions, classification, or arrangement. Indeed, his work was not written with the view of anything very novel in this respect. His specialty is "the currency," and this he has treated at considerable length. His doctrine is the old one, that banks should be obliged to keep a gold dollar in their vaults for every dollar note they have in circulation. Of late years this policy has been considered as founded on exploded ideas; and, indeed, as a rigid system it cannot be sustained. At the same time no thinking business man doubts that our fault has lain altogether in the opposite direction, that of allowing excessive issues of paper money without adequate provision for redemption. Moreover, we apprehend that the popular idea that a bank-note currency effects a great saving in the capital necessary for exchange has very little foundation in fact; and that, if we calculate the cost of building and running Adam Smith's well-worn "highway through the air," we shall find very little gained by it to the world. Mr. Walker's weakest point here is that he overdoes the matter. We question whether any human institution or policy sustained by the sensible men of a generation is subject to more than two, or, in extreme cases, three or four sound logical objections. Mr. Walker, therefore, weakens his point when he raises five distinct objections to a "mixed currency." Only the second is very forcible. But his exposure of the popular fallacies respecting currency is very good, and we commend it to the careful consideration of every citizen who fears disaster from a suppression of bank paper.

A BATCH OF POETRY.*

POETRY truly has created for us new heavens and a new earth—

"Blessings be on them and eternal praise;
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."

But the better land of some poets does sometimes seem like that believed in by the Six Nations, into which no man could enter with any hope of happi-

* "Records of the Heart." E. A. Lewis. New York: D. Appleton & Co. London: H. G. Bohn.

"Thermopsis: The Hot Weather." J. C. Pickett.

"Old Age and Its Miseries." J. C. Pickett.

"Canadian Poems." J. T. Breeze.

"Retaliation."

"The True Church." Theodore Tilton. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"The King's Ring." Theodore Tilton. Hurd & Houghton.

ness till his head had been broken open, and all his brains carefully removed. A review of these books—most of them—we can justify on no better plea than that we are willing our readers should share the feelings with which we have gone through them. Besides, it is well enough to know the boundaries of human nature on all sides. And it was of prodigious offences against morality only that Sir Thomas Browne was speaking when he deprecated the enlarging of the theory of human wickedness. It is about monstrous crimes he would have us keep silence. Who will be so bold as to say that, if shockingly bad poets had never been held up to notice in reviews, there would have been less of bad poetry written? Neither direct nor indirect encouragement was ever necessary; and we may be allowed to suppose that the ungentle craft has even diminished the number of poetasters, if only by giving some of them honest employment. Mrs. Estelle A. Lewis is the author, and we miss our guess if she is not in reality the publisher also, of a most sumptuous quarto of four hundred and twenty pages, gorgeous with purple and gold, with tinted paper, and with "illustrations," as the title-page says, "by the best artists." The illustrations are full-page pictures of "Zenel," of Estelle herself, of "Emilie," "Adaline's Reverie," "Sappho," and other subjects of which the best artists are excessively fond. Lastly, the book bursts on the literary world from New York and London simultaneously. Altogether, why may we not speak of Estelle and her advent in these words of her own? They are to be found in "The Mexican Express," which is not a newspaper, but a piece of poetry about that news agency, as we understand it, which Moses Y. Beach established twenty-odd years ago, when he nearly broke the hearts of James Gordon Bennett and Horace Greeley:

"Triumph fills high her golden chalice,
Bonfires greet Glory's car,
As the aurora borealis
Welcomes some new-born star."

"The Mexican Express" is printed on p. 222, and, as Mr. Squeers says, "Here's richness." For it is only turning to p. 225 that we find these lines, which we quote from "The First Ship to America":

"The sinking sun on the deep sea gazed
Till his red-eye with mist was dazed;
The youthful moon her spy-glass raised
The strange, mysterious craft to view.
That o'er the Indian waters flew;
The savage left his wigwam door,
And stood amazed upon the shore.
'What may it be?' the red man cried,
'That flaps its white wings o'er the tide.
A huge canoe sent by the great Chemamitou?
Are these the souls of Indian races
Returning with white lily faces?
They are, they are!' And to the strand
He flew with a brother's outstretched hand.
But ah! no brother's hand he pressed—
He clasped the serpent to his breast."

"The moon's spy-glass" is good. The serpent was the worm of the still, an injurious keg of the fire-water of the pale-face. It is at some such subtle meaning, we suppose, that the italics hint. Or is it merely that abstinence from italics is a species of Roman virtue to which women cannot attain?

There are four hundred and twenty pages in the book, and we could wish for space in which to print more quotations—to print, for example, the verses "To a Lawyer who was not at my Soirée, According to Promise," or to lay before our readers some records of hearts which seem to have gone through more in the way of wounds and blight and wringing, more real out-and-out anguish, than almost any one would believe, if he did not read it. But for a final extract, what Mr. Pickett, in his Gothic way, would call a "finish final," here is the poem before the one to the lawyer:

"When erst I roamed with May and Ellie,
They used to call me little Stelhe;
To which, elate with love and hope,
I bounded like the antelope,
But when I grew too large to play,
And gave the world a tender lay."

Mr. Pickett is in the Post-office Department at Washington, and seems to have written two poems: "Thermopsis: The Hot Weather," and "Old Age and its Miseries." Moreover, he has been "Plenipotentiary to Ecuador," and "Chargé d'Affaires to Peru." In outward appearance, the children of his muse, and the pampered offspring of Mrs. Lewis's pen, are at the two extremes of the social scale. He publishes thin pamphlets. Our readers will, however, prefer his verses to hers. From the "Old Age and its Miseries" we quote this passage, in which the author mentions other builders of the lofty rhyme, makes a critical remark or two, and patriotically refuses his assent to a literary judgment passed by Judah P. Benjamin, who is not a patriot nor a Christian, and whose views of poetical excellence are certainly open to suspicion. "And from Judah *toto celo* I dissent," he says; but we give the whole passage:

"Could I build up the noble verse Miltonic,
Or emulate the glowing strains Byronic;

Of Pope, Cowper, Campbell, Crabbe, Coleridge, Scott,
Dryden, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, and a large lot
Besides, whom for want of room I name not,
Although Mrs. Hemans must not be forgot;
And here at home many of great and growing fame,
Many a rever'd and highly honor'd name;
Sigourney, Bryant, Halleck, Whittier, Drake,
With many more that a galaxy make,
In which galaxy I should place Janvier,
Of sweetest slingers the comfiest compeer.
In it too is *Longus Comes*, as the *Times*
Of London calls that builder of grand rhymes
Whom his compatriots Longfellow call—
Among the first, some think the first of all.
But mention must be made of Tennyson,
Whose name rhymes well with the word "benison."
Judah P. Benjamin, the Confederate,
Asserted of the British laureate
(Tennyson), that he was God's own poet,
Which if he is all mankind should know it.
Such phrase as this is hyperbolic,
And little merited or not at all;
It seems to be *tant soit peu* irreverent,
And from Judah *toto celo* I dissent."

Campbell is mentioned a little more particularly in "Thermopsis":

"Alas! that smiles should ever leave the female face
Where naturally we look for loveliness and grace.
A woman's smiles, all know who rightly prize her,
Is of this world a potent civilizer.
Her smiles do more than all appliances
To win the savage, man, to due compliances.
Vivent les doux sourires des aimables dames!
They are of life the great elixir and the balm.
'The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed till woman smiled.'
These are Campbell's lines, as ev'ry one will know;
'T is not within my competency to write so;
I have not the art nor the pretension,
Lack *vous* (Greek for *gumption*) and lack invention.

Whilst I write thus I grow enthusiastic,
But find the heat by odds too drastic.
Where shall I catch a little moving air?
I'll try the Capitol—our rulers now are there."

Mr. J. T. Breeze's "Canadian Poems" are dingier and cheaper in appearance than even Mr. Pickett's. They remind one of the cheerless, earliest dawn of literature in an ungenial clime. In colony times, on our side of the line, our press used to send out similar forlorn little stitched sheets of most sordid appearance, and dreadfully apt, with us, to be sermons and occasional discourses. We may brag a little now of having advanced from that pinching spring into a warmer season; but our Canadian friends must still, we suppose, gather the eye-bright and wake-robin for their poetical wreaths, and look with the eye of faith only upon gayer flowers. "The Falls of Niagara," it will surprise no one to learn, is the title of one of the poems. The other is called "The Saughanash Shore," and the author dedicates them to "W. S. Griffin, Wesleyan Minister at Port Hope." There is a little classicism in the poetry—Dodona, Olympus, Hellas, and so forth—and, of course, the red man of the primeval forest hunts on shore and skims the surface of the water with his noiseless paddle to a considerable extent. If we are not mistaken, the burning of the *Caroline* also figures in these colonial verses. We must charge the poems generally with Cimmerian obscurity:

"When brothers war'd with brothers on the plain,
The waves of anger high raging in their breast,
When cannons roar'd, and swords were glittering bright,
And armies marching to the field of blood,
Then on thy breast was moving like a swan
A vessel, watching for the foe's spear;
They met, then cannon roared their thunder;
One curse the other by the bid of man,
Flame greets the flame upon the vessel's breast,
Niagara's roar laugh at the paltry sound,
Bids her draw nigh with all her wrath,
To exchange her thunders with Niagara's roar;
Down tow'rs the brink the burning vessel went,
Grieved at the threat, moves on to burn,
And spend its wrath to dry Niagara's waves.
Niagara calmly took her by the throat,
And flung her headlong to the hell below,
As God took Satan and his army vast,
Who moved to pluck the sceptre from his hand,
Nor gave her power to see from whence she fell.
Columbia's sons, oh, can ye love Niagara
For this sad deed, and yet ye come from far,
Fond of display, to worship at her shrine."

There is a tremendous story told of certain tribes, the chief of one of which seems to have killed the son of the other, and cooked his heart, and given it to the young brave's father to eat, and then exulted over him for having been thus beguiled; upon which the other chief kills the son of the former chief. Says he:

"I tore his heart with my own hand,
And shed his life-blood o'er the land;"

and then invites the previous murderer to be present at a great feast, in which he also, without knowing it, eats freely of the heart of his noble boy, while the "symmetrical limbs" are served up in various ways to other members of the hostile tribe. We knew that the haughty Micmac or noble Tuscarora was not particular about his eating, and would boil wood-rats with his ears of corn, and grunt complacently over roast squirrels whose intestines

had not been drawn; but the two treats above described are certainly bad enough. By-and-by they seem to be eating dog. We do not make out very well what it is that afterwards takes place among these dwellers by the Saughanash; but here follows Mr. Breeze's account of a part of it. We break it off short, for the first full-stop is at an indefinite distance ahead:

"This said, the listening audience cheered the burning eloquence they heard,
And swore by every object dear that they should never flinch or fear,
Until their foes should all retire before their valiant hearts of fire,
They bent the bow, and strung it well, a fearful pile of dry wood fell.
They killed the dogs, and feasted high, they danced the ring and sent a spy
To watch the cruel foeman nigh, their foes were in the distant wood.
Thirsting in vengeance for their blood their councils held, plans were laid
To lay the Mohawk with the dead, knowing they nestled on the isle.
They sent a spy expert in guile, and when the sun's last ray had shone,
The Mohawks laid their proud heads down, and left a squaw of subtle eye
To watch the motion of the spy, and give a loud alarm, should they
Attempt to hunt them as their prey; three of the Missisquoi's crew
Came paddling in their birch canoe, and seeing all in slumber deep,
As they did o'er their pillows peep, they tore their foe's canoe so wide,
Disabling each to breast the tide; return in pride of heart to tell
What they had each accomplished well; this swelled their breasts with joy of heart,
In pride they o'er the billows start, their chief upon his council call;
Few words were said, and then they all pressed proudly to the distant goal.
Meanwhile the squaw did them alarm, that they had seen some cruel form
Who had returned in pride array, a distance o'er the troubled bay.
The chief awake and cast his eye around to every ambush nigh."

"Retaliation" is written by a young man, who says, "If the Muses, or any of their friends, will be so troublesome as to make one think that he can write, it is only just retaliation that they should see what he has written." The cruelty of the *lex talionis* is not disputed. A man's friends may, of course, deserve a good deal in the way of misuse; but ought one to inflict, even upon his best adviser, such lines as these?

"Daughter of midnight,
Where once was thy heart,
Strike! and not empty
Sounds seem to start.

"Ending at midnight,
Away the world's roll,—
Goest thou bierily?
Look to thy soul!"

Only a mother's love, we should say, could endure this other. Mountains are treated of, and "Let's Fling Away Sorrow" is the title of the verses:

"Heaven-ent'ring and hoary,
And sunlit with glory,
The mountain ascends in its pride;
But valleys sustain it,
And even regain it,
So gradually climbing its side:
Then fling away sorrow,
And give to to-morrow,"

and so forth and so forth.

But we are bound to say that this author—we do not know even his name; but we take him to be a very young man—does not always write so foolishly as this; does sometimes write well. Why need the youthful Pope have been ashamed of these lines which follow? They are from a poem addressed to a certain sculptor, and compare his art to that of the writer:

"You the first art, the youngest I pursue,
Whose pen combines the brush and chisel, too;
Must on the blank its airy fancies lay,
But finish them by what it takes away."

And certainly there is something good in these lines, which imitate the despised decasyllables of masters now too little imitated. They are from a poem which was written in memory of the author's mother, and which, in the main, expresses with naturalness a strain of natural feeling:

"But why, 'mid all that kindness e'er approved,
Why is my breast with such revulsions moved?
She is not dead! my mother still remains,
Calls at my heart, and answers through my veins.
Ye gentle bearers! all your steps retrace,
Return my mother to her son's embrace!
Come back! ye miss the path; this way it lies!
'This way,' I cry; 'This way,' ye grave replies.
Life from my heart at that fell sound has sped:
Return, ye bearers, bury both your dead!"

The author of "Retaliation" may condemn himself, we should not condemn him, to the writing of album-verses for the young women of his acquaintance. It is not high praise, but we willingly praise him as a person capable of better things.

"The True Church" is a good-looking, flat quarto, written by Mr. Theodore Tilton, and illustrated by Granville Perkins. The bard, "roaming astray" on a "Sabbath morn," meets a "Pilgrim," not a believer in the Westminster Catechism, and walks with him past several churches, or church edifices, seeking for the true church. The Roman Catholic Mr. Tilton considers "the falsest Church of all." Of the Church of England he says, "It profits not to tarry here," the reason why being—the dogmatical assertion is Mr. Tilton's and not ours—that it

"—covers with a shielding phrase,
The living sins of present days."

The next church may be the Methodist Episcopal, the Dutch Reformed,

the Presbyterian of the Old or New School, or the Baptist. It is stigmatized as being merely "a sect of men," which churches in this world, we may say, are apt to be—

"And sects that lock their doors in pride,
Shut God and half his saints outside."

The Orthodox or Congregational Church fares better than the others, but the Pilgrim, who vanishes in a blaze of light, leaves this final word with the seeker:

"The one true Church thou shalt not seek."

"Seek thou for evermore, instead,
To find the one true Christ, its Head."

And this is the gist of the poem. We would add, for fear any one may be misled by a certain vagueness which may, perhaps, be inseparable from the extremely lofty way of thinking on these subjects, that it might be well to have what aid is possible in the search. There is a promise attaching to the gathering together of even two or three in that pursuit.

"The King's Ring" is another poem of Mr. Tilton's, not so long even as "The True Church," and handsomely printed in colors. "Even this shall pass away" is the burden of the song. That motto the Eastern king has engraved upon his signet, and looking upon it in various conjunctures of circumstances, he is admonished of the transitoriness of pleasure, wealth, and fame, and how the love of woman also passes away, if not before, then at any rate when death removes the body to the grave and the flesh is consumed by the worm. But pain, too, he is reminded—pain and death, they likewise have an end, and thus remembering, the monarch dies in comfort, the ring having made a philosopher of him. Both of these last two books, if not for all time, are at least well got up for a day. Indeed, for New Year's as well as Christmas. We suppose they may very well be bought in the holiday season.

NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

NUMBER VIII.

ADMIRAL.—It is now very generally agreed that the Arabic *emir* is the principal element in this word, but etymologists have distressed themselves to little purpose in trying to account for the final syllable. The editors of Webster repeat the error of Wedgwood and others, who suppose it to be the article *al*, in such combinations as *emir-al bahr*, commander of the sea, *emir-al moslem*, commander of the faithful, and the like, where it means *of the*, and performs the functions of a genitive determinative. A little enquiry into the European history of the word makes the origin of this syllable plain. ADMIRAL was not, as the editors of Webster mistakenly suppose, "introduced into Europe by the Genoese or Venetians in the twelfth or thirteenth century," but by the Byzantine Greeks in the forms *αμπατορ* and *αμπαρ* at least as early as the eighth century. A Genoese or a Venetian, in Italianizing these words, would write *ammiraglio*, or in the Latin of the Middle Ages, *amiralius*, and the introduction of the *l* was purely a regular euphonic change. For the same reason the Catalan made the final letters *ll*, which has the sound of *l mouillée*; but as the Spaniards were more familiar with the Arabic origin of the word, they wrote the first syllable *al*, thus reintroducing the Arabic article *al* at the beginning, and so giving the word *almirante*, or, as afterwards, *almirante*, a form corresponding to *al emir*, the commander. The *d* in the first syllable of our English *admiral* is a case of accommodation, arising from the supposition that the first syllable *am*, in the Italian *ammiraglio*, was, as in so many other instances, a softening of the Latin prefix *ad*. Milton knew better, and wrote *ammiral*. See the note on *admiral* in American edition of Wedgwood. It is worth noticing that, though the Greeks began with a near approach to the Arabic *emir* or *ameer*, yet, after the occupation of the Morea by the French and Catalans, they adopted the Frank form, and wrote the word *αμπαλης* and *αμπαλιος*.

ADOBE, an unburnt brick dried in the sun. This noun is referred to the Sp. verb *adobar*, to dress or prepare. We cannot deny that a verb of so general a meaning and so wide application as *adobar*, and its cognates in the other Romance tongues, might, in passing into a noun, possibly be confined to a meaning as specific and limited as that of *adobe*, but this is highly improbable. The root of *adobar* has never been even probably suggested. (See Wedgwood, American edition, under *dub*.) It may be Oriental, and if *adobe* is derived from it, the change of class and meaning took place before either verb or noun was naturalized in Europe, for the Arabic name of the *adobe*, or unburnt brick, is (with the article) *attoba*, and there is no doubt that the Spaniards took the word, in its noun form, directly from their Moorish conquerors. (See Constancio, Dic. Port., s.v.; also Eugelmann, Glossaire des Mots Espagnols et Portugais dérivés de l'Arabe, p. 7.)

AFFIX is defined: "A syllable or letter added at the end of a word; a

suffix; a postfix." This definition makes *affix* synonymous with *suffix*; but the word, as used by Professor Haldeman, not to mention other high authorities, is a generic term embracing both the *prefix* and the *suffix*. He thus describes the *affix*: "*Affixes* are additions to roots, stems, and words, serving to modify their meaning and use. They are of two kinds—*prefixes*, those at the beginning, and *suffixes*, those at the end, of the word-bases to which they are affixed" [attached]. (Haldeman, *Affixes in their Origin and Application*, p. 27.)

AFFORD.—The derivation of this word through the French from *L. forum*, a market, is plausible, and has been well sustained by Wedgwood; but it wants historical evidence, and the examples cited from Pecoek in the note to the American edition of Wedgwood are not easily reconciled with this etymology, but seem rather to connect *afford* with *worth*.

AFTERWARD.—In this, and in other adverbs with the same terminal element or suffix, the editors, erroneously in my opinion, prefer the form in *d* to that in *s*. That such has become the prevalent usage there is no doubt; but this is one of those changes arbitrarily made by grammarians, and, therefore, resting on no sufficient authority. The argument seems to be thus: *S* final is the sign of the plural and of the possessive case. An adverb has neither plural nor possessive case. *Argal*, etc., etc., Q. E. D. It is true that in Anglo-Saxon many nouns were employed in the genitive case adverbially, that is, absolutely or without a regimen, and several such continued in use for some time after the creation of a distinctive English literature. We now employ an objective with a preposition instead of these genitival forms, and, with the exception of *needs*, *betimes*, *anights*, and perhaps *now a-days*, it is doubtful whether any such construction survives. The final *s* having become a sign that a singular noun, used absolutely, had passed into the class of adverbs, the same sign was applied to adjectives, not as a genitive, but as an adverbial, ending, and thus the adjectives *backward*, *forward*, *eastward*, *westward*, *upward*, *downward*, and many others, became adverbs by affixing the *s*. This is one of those rare cases where a new grammatical form has been, if not actually developed, at least widely extended in its application, within the historical period; for the use of *s* as an adverbial sign is by no means frequent in Anglo-Saxon, and it seems to belong to the later phases of the language. In early English, it was very generally, though by no means universally, applied to the adjectives above mentioned when used as adverbs, and it was finally affixed to prepositional adverbs, as *hereabouts*, *whereabouts*, and even to ordinary adverbs, as *whence*, *since*, etc. In popular speech, the true authority in language, this form is almost universal to this day; and no man, whose mother tongue has not been spoiled by grammaticasters, says: *Afterward* I went to such a place; I looked *upward*, and the like, except when he is in his "Sabba' day clothes," or feels himself otherwise constrained to talk pedantically. The history of this affix is substantially the same in the cognate languages, where its use is very general, coxcombical reformers not having striven to suppress it, though some theorists explain it as a case of ellipsis, some genitive noun with which the adjective once agreed having been dropped. There is, however, a much better reason for retaining this form in English than in the other Gothic dialects, because *ward* is still an adjectival ending with us, while, if it ever existed as such in them, it has disappeared, and they have only the adverb in *würts*. Hence, in English, it serves an important purpose of grammatical distinction, and ought not to be rejected barely because most people who *write* English do not know how to *speak* it.

ALLUDIUM.—The use of the root of this word and its derivations in the Scandinavian languages implies the notion of long possession, or prescription, as the foundation of the right of property, and thus we have an etymological confirmation of Chalmers's theory of property.

ALP.—On both slopes of these great mountains, the general, one may almost say, exclusive, meaning of this word is not mountain, but mountain pasture, and from the great comparative importance of these pastures in the rural economy of mountaineers, they are likely to have secured a specific name much earlier than the snowy peaks which overhang them. In conversing with strangers, the Swiss, Piedmontese, and Tyrolese peasants talk of the *Alps*, among themselves of the *mountains*, or of this or that peak or needle, and *Alps* is rarely used as the collective name of the chain. Hence, the primary meaning of *alp* is, probably, a hill pasture, and the application of the word to the mountains which divide the Italian peninsula from Northern Europe, by Servius and other Latin writers, is only one of those instances of ignorance so common among the Romans with respect to the meaning and etymology of foreign words.

ANDIRON.—The etymology adopted by the editors of Webster is neither phonetically nor historically probable, but it must be allowed that it is not easy to suggest a less objectionable derivation. See, however, Wedgwood and the note of the American editor.

ANGER.—The editors say: "It is impossible to derive this word in a direct way from A.-S. *ange*, though it is akin to it." If by this is meant that such a derivation is against historical evidence, I am not prepared to contest the proposition, but I do not admit that it is etymologically impossible. The Swedish *änger* goes far to show that E. *anger* might come from A.-S. *ange*.

ARGALI.—Omitted. This is the Oriental name of a wild sheep much resembling the bighorn or Rocky Mountain sheep of our own continent. It has been long and often applied to the latter in America (though sometimes also to the Rocky Mountain goat, an antelope), and certainly ought to find a place in every comprehensive American vocabulary. Though it is an anticipation, it is not altogether impertinent to remark here that the more familiar name of this sheep, *bighorn*, is also wanting in its place in the alphabet, though it is found under *sheep*, where few would look for it.

ARVEL.—A funeral. Said to be from Welsh *arvel*, to weep, and *ar*, over. This word is commonly defined as above in the dictionaries, but I can find no example where it is at all clear that such is its meaning; and, in most of the cases I have met with, its apparent signification is that of funeral-feast. The custom of giving an entertainment at funerals was universal with all the Northern nations; and so essential a part of the last obsequies was it that the O. N. verb *at erfa*, to inherit, signifies, also, to give a funeral feast. I am inclined to think the Danish *Arveøl*, heir-ale (conf. bridal, bride-ale), a more probable source of the word than that suggested by the editors.

ATLAS.—Signification 5, a silk satin manufactured in the East. This word is not distinguished in derivation from the common *atlas*, which is of classic origin, by the editors. It is, however, a Turkish word signifying plain, even; and is applied to satin with a smooth surface to distinguish it from figured stuffs or those presenting inequalities of texture.

AVERAGE.—In the most familiar sense of this word it is probable enough that the derivation adopted by the editors, M. L. *averare*, *averagium*, may be the true one; but maritime *average* is pretty certainly of a different, and very probably Oriental, origin. This question is examined at length in the notes to the American edition of Wedgwood, under *average*.

AVOIRDUPOIS, from Fr. *avoir*, to have, and *du poids*, weight. *Avoirdupois* is, indeed, derived from these two elements; but it is historically certain that *avoir*, *aver*, has not in this combination the sense ascribed to it. In several of the O. F. dialects, *aver* meant goods, merchandise, and the term *aver de poids* was currently applied to all goods sold by certain standard weight and not by measure. Thus Joinville, "Life of St. Louis," p. 109, informing us that the spices of the East were blown into the Nile from the trees in the terrestrial Paradise, and fished up from the water with nets by the Egyptians, says: "Si treuvent en leur royz cel avoir de poiz que l'en aporte en ceste terre, c'est à savoir gingembre, rubarbe, lignalecy et canele," etc. A corresponding phrase was used also in other languages. A Flemish tariff of the fourteenth century, printed in the appendix to De Klerk's "Brabantsche Yeeften," Vol. II., p. 433, distinguishes *goet van gewichten*, weight-goods from cloths, which, of course, were sold by measure. The same phrase occurs in Italian. Thus, in an old report on foreign commerce printed in Sauli, "Colonia di Galata," Vol. II., p. 245, we have, in reference to the duties imposed at Constantinople: "Di tutto avere di peso che si pesa a cantaro [by the hundred weight] si paga Lib. 3 per decina di cantaro." I cite these examples, because they are, so far as I know, new to the discussion. Others will be found in Du Cange, under *Averium*, and they might be greatly multiplied. This term, having become the generic designation of goods sold by a certain weight, was afterwards transferred to the particular standard by which such goods were weighed, in contradistinction from the precious metals, gems, etc., which were sold by troy weight.

AWARD.—From Fr. *garder*, *warder*, to observe, look, etc. Wedgwood makes this a very plausible etymology; but I find an example in Danish which throws some doubt upon it. According to Molbech, "Glossarium," I., p. 55, a Danish document of the year 1470 uses *aword* in the sense of appraisal. Another passage of the same document employs *word* in apparently the same meaning, and the verbal form *urdhe* (*wurdhe*) for appraised. These words readily connect themselves with *worth*, which may be the true source of *award*, a judgment turning, in most cases, on the estimation or appraisal of the value or *worth* of material objects.

AWNING.—Referred to A.-S. *helan*, *helian*, to cover, or some of its cognates. This derivation is without historical support or historical probability. *Awning* appears to have been recently introduced into English, while M. L. *awcanna*, *encanna*, which, as well as probably Fr. *auvent*, I believe to be the same word, have been current for centuries. (See Wedgwood under *awning*, and the note of the American editor.)

G. P. M.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

THE LAST DEMOCRATIC EXPEDIENT.

THE most influential Democratic papers all over the country, led on by the *Chicago Times*, have begun to roar like young lions for "impartial suffrage." Nothing short of this, it now appears, will make their minds easy. "The Massachusetts system," which admits every man to the polls who is neither a criminal nor pauper, and can give fair proof of his intelligence, is, according to the *Boston Post*, a system which commends itself to every reasonable mind. The *Post* wants, therefore, to see it adopted all over the country. The Democrats are prepared for negro voting, provided it be guarded from abuse by an educational or property test. Now, we have read able demonstrations—we remember seeing one within the past year from the pen of one of the most accomplished "Conservatives" in the country—that negro voting brings after it, as an inevitable consequence, "the admission of negroes to the dinner table and the marriage bed." The old Democratic question, "Would you like your daughter to marry a nigger?" has lost none of its force. It is just as much a "poser" as it ever was. It would still wring from most Radicals a reluctant but decided negative. Whatever objections lay to the black man as a son-in-law lie to him still. Whatever made his presence at fashionable dinner parties or in the front pews of fashionable churches undesirable makes it undesirable still. And yet here we have the conservative, fastidious, constitutional Democratic party calling for negro suffrage. Political equality, as they have told us over and over, means social equality; therefore, in calling for impartial suffrage, they are asking us to do the accursed thing—eat, drink, and intermarry with the descendants of Ham.

Nor is this the worst of the course they are urging on us. Men may be forgiven if in times of great distress they submit to social humiliations. Even the old French nobles were sometimes driven by poverty to engage in trade, or "*déroger*," as they called it in the lingo of the period. The unfortunate who meditated this step met the other nobles of his province, told them the sorrowful truth, and gave up his sword, to be returned to him whenever he chose to abandon the ledger and day-book and properly purify himself. Even in England, "the spirit of the age," as the general need of money is sometimes called, is driving scions of noble houses to take refuge from "the arrows of outrageous fortune" behind the counter. A son of the Duke of Argyll has turned wine merchant, and his example will probably be followed by many another younger son. When the framework of society is thus rudely shaken all over the world, the general resignation of American Democrats to negro sons-in-law, and the presence of negroes at their dinner parties, need excite no great surprise.

But, unhappily, this proposal to admit negroes to social and political equality is not, we have been often assured on the same high authority, a matter to be decided on simply secular grounds. It is not a matter simply of human interest or convenience. The condition of the negro is not a thing which lawgivers have the sole right to regulate on considerations of policy or convenience. We have the authority of the most erudite, pious, and enlightened members of the Democratic party for stating that the subjection of the negro to the white man, political as well as social, was decreed by the Almighty as a punishment for the sins of Ham, from whom the blacks are well known to be descended. Therefore, in whipping, working, and selling them at the South, and in shutting them out at the North from all the professions and from all the higher callings—in condemning them by law and custom to the lowest walks of life—we were simply doing what the moon does in rising or water in running down hill—obeying a law of the universe, acting as the agents of the Supreme Power in executing one of its immutable decrees; so that what the party now asks us to do is not simply to take to "low company," but to sin against heaven. Our "social position" we may damage if we please without damaging our soul. A

gentleman may marry his cook or a young lady a hod-carrier, and remain a very virtuous person; but if we marry or give dinner parties to black people, well knowing that we have been forbidden by Providence to do either, we are guilty of something far worse than a breach of propriety. Bishop Hopkins and the members of the "Society for the Diffusion of Political Information" made the nation acquainted, in the winter of 1862-3, with its duty in this matter in words of solemn and penetrating eloquence, although we had then given no greater evidence of our guilty tendency than our determination to fight slaveholders, and although most Democrats at that period still adhered to their old faith with unflinching courage. Now, however, that leading Democratic newspapers are found openly advocating an organized departure from the truth—a deliberate and preconcerted plunge into iniquity—we trust that these gentlemen will again lift up their voices. Right is right, however circumstances or men may change.

So much for the teaching of the *Chicago Times* from a moral and religious point of view. Viewed from the political standpoint, we can hardly bestow on it any greater commendation. The growth of a party round an idea is the only legitimate growth—it is the only sort of growth that the moral sentiment of the community will tolerate. A certain policy, or, in other words, the embodiment of certain ideas in legislation, commends itself, by degrees, to the minds of large numbers of citizens. They desire to see certain abuses corrected or certain improvements effected. To give force to their efforts, they come together, effect an organization, and become a "party," and struggle for power. But it is the previous possession of ideas which justifies their struggle for power. They have to be able to say: "We seek to control the government, that we may put an end to this evil, or effect that good." If they cannot say this, if they cannot show that they are standing on some principle, they cease to be a party and become simply a faction, or, in other words, an organized pest and nuisance, from which every honest man is bound to withdraw all countenance.

Now, the *Chicago Times*, and the other papers which have followed its lead, confess that their reason for taking up negro suffrage is that the elections have left the Democratic party without either principles or policy. Some of the measures for the support of which the party rose into existence, such as decentralization, rotation in office, and general democratization—if we may be allowed the word—of everybody and everything without rhyme, reason, or consideration, have been carried. Free trade, which it once supported, it has abandoned. Slavery, the protection and extension of which it has fought for during the last twenty years, is dead. The party lived for three years after the death of slavery on opposition to the war; the war has ended in victory. Since the peace it has supported existence by insisting upon it that the South was entitled to come back into the Union without conditions, the North being estopped by its own declarations from imposing any conditions, and the South being estopped neither by its own declarations nor anybody else's from claiming anything it pleased. The elections have shown, however, that all logic is wasted on the North, and that the South will have to comply or stay out. The Democrats, therefore, announce now that they have failed in all their undertakings, and that unless they can find an idea, or a policy, in some nook or corner, the party must perish. Well, perish it must. As soon as a party announces that it has nothing of its own left to struggle for, that it retains none of the principles which called it into existence, it announces that its mission is ended, and that it has no further excuse for existing. The spectacle of a political organization looking about for some "cry" that will enable it to regain power, is a most immoral and disgraceful one, and one which no public, of average virtue or intelligence, will tolerate.

It must be remembered that the negro suffrage, "or impartial suffrage," is not, and cannot become, part of the democratic line of operations. It is not a legitimate result of any of its teachings, and is not developed by its creed. Up to the present moment the party has followed a plain, logical, and consistent course. It was natural and logical that a pro-slavery man should oppose the war, and that an opponent of the war should favor the admission of the South without conditions; but it is not either natural or logical that a friend of negro slavery should call for negro suffrage. All the arguments by

which slavery was ever defended may be used against the admission of negroes to the franchise.

If, however, the country were disposed to pass over the outrageous impudence and inconsistency of a cry for impartial suffrage from the friends of a "white man's" government, it could not get over the fact that the means by which the Democratic journals propose to secure negro suffrage leave the main question between the North and South still untouched. The concession of the franchise to the negroes by amendments to the State constitutions would settle nothing and satisfy nobody; and yet this is the way the *Chicago Times* proposes to have it done. In the first place, if it were done now, it would be looked on by the entire North as simply an expedient for getting into Congress. It would offer no guarantee against the subsequent repeal of the measure when the occasion which led to it had passed away. None of those who are interested in the question of reconstruction, mainly for the sake of the blacks, would give five cents for rights which had no better security than Southern promises. In the second place, it would not satisfy those to whom the question of the competency of the North to impose conditions of readmission possesses the highest constitutional importance. To them the concession of negro suffrage by State conventions is of no sort of consequence. It may indicate the desire of the South to get back into its old place, or the growth of a higher feeling of justice and humanity, or of a sounder view of political expediency; but whether it indicated one or all of these, it would leave the main question unsettled—the question whether the Congress now sitting, and which has carried on the war, is or is not the true Government of the United States; and, if it is, whether it has the exclusive right and power to impose on an enemy, strong enough to wage a four years' war, and whose hostility is not only unabated, but gloried in, such conditions of peace and reunion as it may deem necessary for the public safety.

If the South gave every black on its soil two votes, of its own mere motion, and yet left the above question unanswered, we have no hesitation in saying that the peace would still be the veriest mockery by which a nation was ever cheated. For negro suffrage, it ought to be well understood, is not enough. There is no use in offering it to the North as a sign of submission. We must have it granted in such a way that the faith of the whole nation shall be pledged for its permanence. And, even then, it would still be insufficient. We must have it placed on record, for the warning and instruction of all future generations, that a rebellion in this country is not simply a process outside the law for settling a legal controversy—which when over leaves the rebels where they stood before they drew the sword—a kind of bloody demurrer, which does not prevent the party from "pleading over" after judgment has gone against him; but a real war, attended with all the incidents and conditions of war, and that its suppression leaves the victor not only master of the field but master of the situation, and bound by the most solemn of obligations to see to it that the conflict neither impairs the national vitality nor shakes the popular confidence in the national stability.

PRIMARY ELECTIONS.

WHEN the millions of electors who lately cast their votes approached the polls on the morning of election, they found, as a general rule, only two sets of candidates for whom it was of the slightest use to vote. As nearly three-sevenths of the voters would not under any circumstances support Republicans, and nearly four-sevenths would not in any case support Democrats, it is obvious that, as a general rule, all questions of personal fitness, or of preference between men as such, had been decided before election day. Certainly this was the case with more than nine-tenths of the voters. They voted for certain men, not because they preferred them, but because they preferred the party which nominated them. In this there is nothing wrong, nothing which is not necessary; and we mention it only to call attention to the fact that half the business of the election is settled before the polls are opened, and thus to impress upon our readers the vast importance of the preliminary processes by which the popular choice among men is determined. The destiny of the last eighteen months, with all their trials and humiliations, was not settled by the general election of November, 1864, but by certain operations six months earlier.

The machinery by which the selection of candidates is usually arranged in the Northern States consists of primary elections; that is, of elections held within the ranks of each party, and managed without any control on the part of the State. At these elections, delegates are chosen to conventions, which nominate candidates on each side, who are thenceforth called "regular."

When we consider the vast importance of having good and faithful men to carry out a good platform of principles, it does not seem too much to say that these primary elections are fully as important as the public elections which follow them. The public elections of 1864 decided that Andrew Johnson should be Vice-President rather than George H. Pendleton; but the primary elections in the single State of New York had previously decided that Andrew Johnson should be preferred to Hannibal Hamlin. Subsequent events have shown that the earlier decision was by far the more important of the two.

The nature and working of these primary elections are, therefore, matters of deep interest to every thoughtful and patriotic citizen. No one who studies politics at all should fail to study the operation of this branch of political machinery.

We do not pretend to know much about primary elections in the rural districts, or even in other cities than New York and Brooklyn; but, judging from what we hear, and from the visible fruits of the system in the country at large, we should say that a picture drawn from the reality in New York would be recognized by politicians in nearly all other cities, and even in many country villages, as not unlike scenes familiar to them.

The Democratic party retains the primary election in all its pristine glory, such as it was fifteen years ago in both the great parties of the day. The election is held in the lowest groggery of the ward. A mob of vagabonds surround the door, and, well supplied with liquor by the candidates, vote just as many times each as they can crowd their way to and from the poll during the time fixed for the election. Thus a collection of two or three hundred patriots will easily cast six or eight hundred votes. The inspectors, if experienced in their business, never object to a vote. Why should they? Why irritate a true Democrat, bent upon exercising his franchise three or four times over, when a milder remedy may be found? A clever inspector knows better. When he comes to count the votes, his sleeve is filled with ballots of the right sort, and after emptying these upon the table, he adroitly sweeps a few score of obnoxious ballots into his lap. As the three inspectors are almost invariably united in interest, it is obvious that they can do effective work in this way. But a yet neater method has been in use for some years at a number of polls. The inspectors shut out the unwashed and tipsy crowd of voters, sit for an hour or two over their whiskey and cigars, and, without going through the ridiculous form of counting the votes, return the numbers in such manner as seems to them most for the good of the party, and best calculated to replenish their purses.

The non-counting method has sometimes a more decent appearance than the other. Thus, we have frequently known from 4,000 to 7,000 votes to be polled at a hotly-contested primary election, in a ward where the party never polled more than 2,500 votes at a public election, and where less than 500 voters of the ward ever attended the primary elections. The renowned William Poole, Esq., who went to an untimely grave eleven years ago, deeply lamented by a wide circle of friends, was a master of this style of high art. He took hold of the Whig cause in the Ninth Ward of New York, in 1850, and at once raised the vote at the primary election to over 5,000. Very strangely, the candidate thus nominated received, at the general election a month later, only about 250 votes, and suffered ignominious defeat.

The Republican party, however, undertook at an early day, and in good faith, to provide checks against fraud at elections. All voters are required to be registered at least one week before the election, and sufficient publicity is secured to ensure that the votes shall be counted after some fashion. Let us then attend (in the spirit) a Republican primary election in the —th Ward, and see what happens there.

The first thing that strikes us is the vast accession of Fenians to the Republican ranks. Such a long array of Hibernians must surely overwhelm the Democracy with defeat. With them are joined a host of those unwashed and unkempt Americans whom we, in our ignorance,

had fancied to be natural opponents of the party. We find that, contrary to our supposition, these are not only Republicans, but the most enthusiastic of Republicans, if the number of votes which each man can give is any proof of his enthusiasm. The old custom of changing a man's hat or coat before sending him up to vote a second time is obsolete, and as soon as he has voted, he takes his place at the foot of the line, and resumes his march to the ballot-box with a fresh name and residence, but without any attempt at disguise. A wretched-looking object, from whom all decent men shrink for fear of increasing their acquaintance with entomology, boldly announces his name as Mr. R—, one of the wealthiest citizens of the ward, and the friendly inspectors pass him with a nod. Mr. R—, and indeed some hundreds of others whose names are called off, would be greatly astonished to learn the next morning that they had voted at the primary election. But all is fair on such occasions, and the large majority for the successful ticket is conclusive evidence of the regularity of the proceedings.

There are a few districts in which, by great efforts made under favorable circumstances, primary elections are kept in decent order. But, as a rule, these elections are controlled, in both New York and Brooklyn, by the worst elements of the Republican party; and the only check upon the nomination of the worst men is the fear of risking an election. Where this fear is removed, as in the case of an election for supervisor in New York, the nominees of the Republican party have for some years past been quite as corrupt as their Democratic opponents.

Many projects for the reform of this system have been set on foot, but all have thus far proved lamentable failures. It is possible that by legalizing primary elections, as has been done in California, holding them under the direction of sworn inspectors, and punishing fraud by criminal process, some improvement might be effected in these elections, so far at least as the Republican party is concerned. But even this is very problematical. The Southern method of self-nomination, or the method of nominating by public requisitions, signed by the electors, would really do more to promote purity in the elections than any possible improvement in the primary system. The latter plan has been adopted with remarkable success in several quarters where the corruption of the Republican managers had become intolerable; but it is, of course, objected to on the ground that it throws power into the hands of the adverse party, by risking perpetual divisions, without acknowledging any common arbiter. Our impression is that the price is not too dear to pay for so great a blessing as the purification of the party, and the elevation of politics to the sphere of respectable morality. As at present managed, the interior work of politics is sickening beyond expression to every man of Christian or even fairly moral sentiments. Nearly every such man in these two cities has thrown up the business in disgust, and both parties are rapidly descending into common corruption. What is the certainty of party victory compared with the evils to which this system is leading us?

THE EIGHT-HOUR DELUSION.

This grand scheme for the elevation of the working classes—meaning persons who work with their hands—which some of the more visionary of their own number devised some time ago, and which they have since found plenty of demagogues to take up and agitate, is still kept before the public. It was made an issue in the late election in this city, and, for aught we know, in Massachusetts, where the movement for growing rich faster by working less received some time ago the aid of Mr. Wendell Phillips. We hear of it still in various parts of the country, and it will probably not die out till one or more States have been impoverished by trying it. A few words more about it may, therefore, not come amiss.

As a rule, no person should *overtax* his usual average strength. To this rule, however, the common sense of mankind admits very numerous exceptions. Physicians in times of general sickness, nurses, watchmen, and night workmen, soldiers in battle or on forced marches, sailors in storms, firemen, lawyers trying important causes—these are only a few cases out of many in which duty frequently and imperiously requires men to exert themselves beyond what a due regard to their best physical

condition would admit. There are also other cases in which there may be no especial danger of overtaxing the strength, but where the nature of the occupation absolutely requires a greater number of hours' labor than would be desirable. Under this head may be included ordinary domestic employments. A woman, for example, must take care of her family, often without much regard to hours of labor; for a man's breakfast must be cooked before he can eat it.

Having set aside all these, we then come to persons of ordinary average strength, laboring under normal conditions—doing, in fact, the great day's work of the nation. Now, the whole thing becomes a matter of sound practical judgment, rather than of any theory. It is for the interest of the nation to see to it that its laborers do not work too much. It is equally for its interest to see that they do not work too little. If we work too much, we thereby deteriorate our great middle class, the strength and vitality of the nation. For in this country it will be admitted that the laboring class is the true middle class, to which we must look as the fountain of physical vigor. If, on the other hand, we work too little, we thereby impoverish the country, and all grow poor together. • We must keep our people in full physical vigor by proper limitation of labor. We must keep a full flow of courage and animal spirits by a proper amount of recreation. We must keep up a healthy moral and intellectual condition by a proper amount of culture. In these days everybody understands that fourteen or fifteen hours' labor a day for the ordinary day's work is unwise and uneconomical. Most persons would admit that six or seven hours' labor was equally so. After considerable discussion of the subject at various times, ten hours has been fixed upon as, in most cases, a proper limit. In some of the States this is fixed by law as the day's work in mechanical and manufacturing occupations, subject to change by special contract. In some kinds of employment, a somewhat longer time has been fixed by usage; but ten hours is so generally the limit that it may fairly be taken as the rule. A demand is now made, ostensibly in the interest of the workmen, that the legal day's work shall be eight hours.

Probably a considerable number might be found who would say, no matter how little we work provided we get full pay; but the fact that the fundamental law of life and well-being requires some labor, is now too well understood to need special argument. That apparent full pay is not *real* full pay we will endeavor to show. We are safe, however, in admitting that eight hours' labor is sufficient to preserve bodily health. Whether it is sufficient for moral welfare is not so clear, but will, of course, depend much on how the remaining time is to be spent.

On the other hand, we do not learn either from statistics or observation that ten hours' labor is prejudicial to health, unless in exceptional cases, and under very unfavorable conditions. These will be found to be either cases analogous to those before mentioned, which must be thrown out of the account, or cases where sanitary laws are disregarded, and to which sanitary remedies must be applied. Our vital statistics show that labor, as at present organized, is peculiarly favorable to longevity, and this under a system requiring an average of more than ten hours, and among a class of people very neglectful of sanitary requirements. This is certainly true of all open-air employments. In regard to manufacturing operations, some might question the correctness of the above statement, but, we think, upon consideration it will be found to be true. Tables of statistics need to be considered with reference to their subject matter, and a neglect of this has led to very erroneous conclusions respecting the healthfulness of some occupations. For example, suppose we read, in a table of vital statistics, that the average age at which students in colleges die is twenty-one years, we might infer that the life of a student in college was a very unhealthy one; but when we come to consider that at the age of twenty-three or twenty-four students in colleges cease to be such, and that to die at all, as *students*, they must die before reaching that age, the fallacy of the inference is very apparent.

Entirely analogous to this is the conclusion which has sometimes, perhaps generally, been drawn from vital statistics in regard to operatives in factories. These operatives are, for the most part, young persons; many are children, or little more than children. The women, who constitute the larger portion, marry, in the majority of cases, before they reach the age of thirty; and many of the men, after a few

years' successful labor, use their earnings in buying small farms or establishing themselves in other occupations where they can be more independent. So that, having only comparatively young persons to take from, deaths in those occupations must necessarily represent a low average age. Now, bearing these facts in mind, we believe that examination will show no very material difference between in-door and out-door labor as at present arranged. Granting, then, that ten hours of labor can be performed without danger of physical deterioration, does it leave time enough for recreation and for moral and mental culture? Ten hours' labor and eight hours' sleep leave six to be devoted to these purposes and to daily meals. The average time devoted to meals by our laboring people is probably less than one hour. If we could lengthen that time to two hours, or say one and a half, it would be better for us all. This leaves four and a half hours for recreation and culture. In estimating our needs in this direction, we must take into account that the ten hours of labor have been spent in a manner requiring comparatively slight mental exertion and affording a large amount of physical exercise. The rule here to be adopted, then, is entirely different from that in case of persons occupying their time in mental effort without physical exertion. The muscles need only cessation from labor. The mind needs only healthful employment, and should be fresh and vigorous for whatever it chooses to undertake. As to the sufficiency of time, all who know what can be accomplished by one or two hours a day of regular study will agree that few need complain on that score. Chancellor Kent has said that, in compiling his voluminous works, he seldom labored more than four hours a day; and other similar examples are to be found in abundance. We will only further refer to the fact that the most which has ever been accomplished among operatives in the way of literary culture has been done at Lowell, Massachusetts, at a time when the average hours of labor were more than ten, and, if we mistake not, more than twelve. We think, also, that the experiments of Price in England go to show the same result, though we have not the statements before us.

On the general question of the probable moral and intellectual advantage of more leisure hours, we will simply refer, in addition, to every intelligent observer to the manner in which day-laborers and operatives now spend their leisure time.

Now, what do the persons desiring this change expect to get? Do they not expect to get the same amount of physical comfort and enjoyment—that is, food, clothing, books, pictures, sight-seeing, car-traveling, etc.; in short, of all the comforts and luxuries of life—for eight hours' work that they now get for ten? And if they clearly understood that by an inevitable law the eight hours' work then would bring no more of these things than the eight hours' work now will, would they not at once and for ever cease to desire the change—nay, fight against it? It is perfectly demonstrable that eight hours' labor under the proposed system will not bring the workman what ten hours' labor does now; in fact, the mere statement of the proposition would seem almost enough to show that such an expectation is not reasonable. Persons who do so expect are apparently misled by measuring their labor solely by money, instead of by what the money will bring. They say in effect: I now get two dollars for ten hours' work; I shall then get two dollars for eight hours' work; so I am just as well off, and have two hours more to use as I please.

Now, suppose A. is a shoemaker. He now makes a pair of shoes in a day, for which labor he gets two dollars. On the eight-hour plan, it will take him a day and a quarter, and he will receive two dollars and a half. This adds fifty cents to the price of the shoes. B., who, under the old system, got his shoes for one day's work, finds that he must now work a day and a quarter to pay for them, as shoes have advanced fifty cents in price. B., on the other hand, we will suppose, is a knife-maker. He also gets two dollars a day, but it takes a day and a quarter under the eight-hour system to make the same knives that he made in a day under the ten-hour system. So, when A. comes to buy his knives, he must pay two dollars and a half for what used to cost him two dollars, as knives have advanced. In short, each one, though receiving nominally the same wages, has lost his two hours a day labor, and will be twenty per cent. poorer at the end of the year. And this illustration, which is perfectly fair and clear, and covers the

whole ground of loss and gain, is just as good as a hundred. We often see it asserted that, under the eight-hour system, as much work would be done in eight hours as there is now in ten; but every workman knows that to be nonsense. So much for the effect on the individual. Now as to the aggregate of all this—its effect on the nation.

The daily wages of people in this country to be affected by such a change as the one proposed are probably not less than ten million dollars a day. Here, then, is a clear loss of twenty per cent., or two millions a day, to the productive power or wealth of the country; equal to six hundred millions a year, or about one-fourth of our whole national debt. This seems immense, but it is probably within the truth. There are other points of importance connected with the topic, such as the great relative loss in case we, as a nation, should reduce our working hours while other nations do not; increasing thereby the relative price of wages here, and driving business and employment from us to them; also the difficulty of regulating matters of this sort by legislation. But these points cannot be dwelt upon at present. It is, however, greatly to be regretted that this question should be made in any way a political party matter.

There are always in every party plenty of demagogues, incapable of fully comprehending such questions, or, worse than that, totally indifferent as to the real good of anybody but themselves, who are willing to promise anything and take up any new idea for the sake of votes. And the more of such men any party contains at any particular time, the less fit is it at that time to be constituted the exponent and standard-bearer of ideas bearing on the welfare of men. Nevertheless, the discussion of these matters is a favorable sign, and must lead to a good result. The first step is, the earnest desire on the part of the workman to better his condition. That once existing, he will soon learn to distinguish true methods from false.

ENGLAND.—THE RITUALISTS—VOLUNTEERS—THE IRISH QUESTION.

LONDON, Nov. 1, 1866.

ABOUT this time of year there is generally an outburst of indignation in the *Times*. The objects of the popular wrath are various. Sometimes it is an attack upon the bad arrangements of railways; sometimes an assault upon the state of London drains, or the charges for cabs, or the customs of watering-places, or the badness of sermons, or fifty other subjects which have been the topics of unavailing complaints any time these twenty years. The persons who take up the chorus of indignation vary according to circumstances; but the loudest and most indignant fraction of society is that which habitually signs itself *Paterfamilias*. On the present occasion *Paterfamilias* has got hold of a topic which seems to be unusually fruitful, and he has been descanting with more than his usual eloquence and energy. The subject of his invectives is the party of whose fantastic tricks I had occasion to make mention in my last letter, the so-called Ritualists. The gentlemen who pass by that name have lately been rendering themselves extremely conspicuous, and must, I presume, have made considerable progress amongst the clergy and a certain fraction—not a very large fraction—of the laity. To describe them shortly, they are the best imitation of the Roman Catholic system that can be got up in the Church of England, and the imitation is, in many respects, surprisingly good. The old Oxford Tractarians had apparently died out; the ablest of their leaders, Dr. Newman and his friends, had gone over to the Church of Rome; others had been frightened back into propriety by the secession of their leaders; and things were going on pretty quietly in the theological as in the political world. But it seems that the party, though apparently dead, had really left the seeds of a fresh growth behind them. The University of Oxford, which, for some reason, is the centre of all theological movement in England, began to show symptoms of a new fermentation. The first person who scandalized the steady-going Protestants was a Mr. Lyne, otherwise known as Brother Ignatius. He set up a kind of Anglican monastery at Norwich. The monks managed to quarrel with each other; a variety of scandals came to light, and the whole concern came to grief amidst general laughter. But Mr. Lyne was only one of a large number of youthful enthusiasts who have been making themselves conspicuous all over England. There are now many churches in London—nominally Protestant—where the service is a mere travesty of Roman Catholic ceremonies. The officiating clergy apparel themselves in all kinds of ecclesiastical millinery. They are arrayed in gorgeous colors, in copes and chasubles and dalmatics and stoles, and fifty more articles whose names I do not venture to transcribe. The walls are hung with pictures. The

altar—for they hold it profane to call it communion-table—is covered with flowers and ornamented with candles. It has, indeed, been decided that the candles may not be lighted; a decision which calls to mind the decision of Chief-Justice Ear in the great case of *Nose versus Eyes*, as reported by Cowper, viz.:

"That whenever the nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candle-light, eyes shall be shut."

However, there are the candles, lighted or extinct. The priest—he scorns the name of minister—bows and crosses himself after the approved fashion. The service is chanted and intoned. White-robed choristers march in solemn procession down the aisles; and the whole affair is as like a Roman Catholic service "as my fingers is to my fingers." The services "draw" immensely in London, as any new sight is sure to draw in a town of three million inhabitants; and it is as difficult to get a pew at a Ritualist church as a box at the most fashionable theatre. If this mere mummery were all, it might be fitly treated with simple laughter; but there is something more serious behind, which explains and perhaps justifies the wrath of *Paterfamilias*. To understand this, any of your readers who have a taste for bad logic and verbose investigations into ecclesiastical antiquities may refer to a book called "The Church and the World," which is to the Ritualists what "Essays and Reviews" was to the Broad Church party. As, however, I cannot conscientiously recommend its perusal to any one not professionally compelled to the study, I will mention one of the most striking articles. A lady describes her personal experience in an article somewhat after the fashion of Dr. Newman's "Apologia"—infinitely inferior, I need hardly add, in ability. Amongst other things, she mentions that she had an offer of marriage. She doubted whether to accept it, because by doing so her sincerity in refusing to go over to Rome might, as it happened, have been rendered doubtful. She therefore applied to an English clergyman, who directed her to pray that if she decided wrongly she might have a severe illness; hereupon she accepted the gentleman, and, she significantly adds, has never had an hour's health since. The article, I should mention, is anonymous. Now, it is this kind of interference with family relations which very properly excites the wrath of *Paterfamilias*. The Anglican clergy, so far, that is, as this portion of them are concerned, are endeavoring to set themselves up in the place of the old confessors. They aspire to be directors of our consciences, to hear confessions, to administer absolution, and to inflict penance. It is, indeed, only a small minority which has at present joined this extreme party; and I do not think, for many reasons, that their numbers will increase very rapidly. Amongst other reasons, one is that they have not, so far as appears, a single man of any real ability amongst them. Anything poorer than the "Church and the World" has not been published for a long time. The laity, so far as my experience goes, look on with feelings varying between amused and indignant contempt. There are, of course, a certain number of ladies among the upper classes who are attracted by the ceremonial and by the discipline. There are many Anglican—for I must not call them Protestant—sisterhoods, who resemble Catholic nuns in almost every respect. As nurses in our hospitals, they have done much good; although it is a pity that real charity cannot be freed from the superstitious environments which excite, and not without cause, the public prejudice.

Little as I think of the intellectual merits of the new sect, it is not improbable that this constant effort of the Church of England clergy to put on the authority as well as the clothes of their Romanist predecessors, may ultimately lead to some important results. Some of our most liberal newspapers advocate legislation; they maintain that the practices should be forbidden, or that the present form of episcopal ordination, which seems to countenance the claim to sacerdotal sanctity, should be altered. It is very improbable that anything of the kind will be attempted. There is a palpable danger in narrowing the State Church, which already excludes a very large minority of the nation. Most laymen are in favor of making it as comprehensive as possible. But then occurs the difficulty, that if we allow clergymen of extreme opinions to hold livings, they will probably diverge widely from the general sense of their parishioners. In one case, we increase the number of dissenters; in the other, the number of discordant elements within the Church. That this will in time lead to serious difficulties is, I think, certain. The present movement will most likely fade away—partly from the imbecility of most of its supporters, partly from the extreme difficulty which they already find in straining the Thirty-nine Articles wide enough to admit their own semi-Romanist views.

As I have mentioned the "Church and the World," I may in passing mention the manifesto of the extreme opposite party, the followers of M. Comte, contained in a series of essays called "International Policy." As a genuine patriot, I hardly like to notice them, for they are chiefly filled with

denunciations of the traditional English policy towards other countries, and especially towards India, China, and the uncivilized races. I take comfort, however, in the reflection that M. Comte and his disciples are equally hard upon the United States; which they consider (if you will excuse my mentioning such a heresy) to be nothing better than a big excrement, carrying out English ideas. The fact was that Comte wrote when the United States had made less noise in the world than at present; and that the Positivist creed seems to be as inelastic as any of its theological rivals. I mention the book, however, for another reason. Any one who wishes to understand the present tendencies of English opinion, as represented by its ablest young men, must take notice of the Positivists. The thorough-going believers in M. Comte are indeed far from numerous, but those who avow their belief in his creed are far less numerous than those who, in many respects, silently sympathize with it. It undoubtedly leavens the creed of a very great number of our ablest men amongst the rising generation. There are seven contributors to "International Policy." Five of them, I think, are members of Oriel College, one of the most distinguished of the Oxford colleges; and they are all men of decided ability, and fair representatives of the more thoughtful students of Oxford. Of the essays themselves, those by Mr. Harrison and Mr. Bridges, upon the French alliance and China, are really worth reading in themselves; the others, except as an illustration of a particular set of party opinions, are not so remarkable. It is a suggestive fact, that the university which turns out the Ritualist type of clergymen also produces a race of thinkers of the most diametrically opposite character. I may mention, as bearing upon the character of the universities, that Cambridge has just done itself honor by electing Mr. Maurice to a professorship of moral philosophy. It shows a commendably liberal spirit. Ten years ago it would have caused far more feeling, for Mr. Maurice was then held to be on the extreme verge of orthodoxy. Now it excites little remark, except amongst the most bigoted partisans, for Mr. Maurice has been fairly distanced by the Essayists and Reviewers, and others who have knocked a good many holes in the old rigid limits of orthodox belief.

To turn from these theological topics, the principal event of the last fortnight has been the visit of the English volunteers to Belgium. About twelve hundred of them went over to the great shooting-match which is held in Brussels. Our volunteers distinguished themselves at the longer ranges (five and six hundred yards), to which they are much better accustomed than the foreign riflemen. Since 1859, indeed, when the movement first began, rifle-shooting has become a very popular amusement and has been brought to considerable perfection. It is rather difficult to keep the volunteers up to their work in the matter of drilling, and I cannot say what may be their value in a military point of view. As marksmen, however, their merits are undeniable. The practice was considerably interfered with at Brussels by the superabundant hospitality of the King and people. The volunteers appear, according to the papers, to have been fraternizing with the *braves Belges* to an unparalleled extent. They were constantly parading amidst cries of *vive l'Angleterre*, and returning three cheers for Belgium; and being marched off to drink champagne with their hosts, and afterwards gathering for balls and concerts, and public meetings and presentations of prizes or addresses, until I should think that straight walking, to say nothing of straight shooting, must have become difficult. The culminating point of the proceedings was a grand dinner given by the King to the English volunteers and to certain other foreign riflemen. The dinner had, I presume, a strong family likeness to other dinners, and the records of the number of bottles of wine drunk and of the eloquence into which the same was converted, are not worth noticing more particularly. The magnificent language in which these events have been commemorated by the British penny-a-liner may (to use one of his favorite phrases) be more easily imagined than described. That twelve hundred Englishmen should go over to Brussels to shoot for prizes, and should employ a large part of their holiday in drinking the healths of their entertainers, and having their healths drunk in return, is not, perhaps, a very remarkable circumstance. The intended moral, however, of these demonstrations is not without significance. In the general overhauling of the map of Europe, Louis Napoleon is supposed to keep an eye upon Belgium. In the violent contests between the liberals and the clerical party there, it is always possible that the weaker side might attempt a national suicide by calling in the French. The Emperor has been profuse in his protestations that he feels nothing but good-will towards the Belgian people and dynasty—and there is, of course, no reason for anticipating any immediate difficulty. But these are bad times for small states in Europe, and the Belgians naturally have their anxieties. The exuberant demonstrations of a national alliance may therefore imply—so far as such demonstrations imply anything—that in case of danger Belgium might hope for an ally in England. It is, however, useless to speculate upon

the value of after-dinner speeches and cheers in view of such an uncertain contingency.

An alliance of a different kind is beginning to make its appearance in the political world. Mr. Bright's reform tour has now led him to Dublin, where our eminent Quaker has been meeting Roman Catholic bishops and members of Parliament, with a view to forming a cordial alliance between English radicals and Irish democrats. The great difficulty in the way of such an alliance has always been that it was impossible to depend upon the Irish party. They threw themselves, in obedience to the orders of their priests, upon one side or the other alternately. During the last session of Parliament they drew nearer to the extreme reformers. Mr. Bright made one of his very noblest speeches upon the Irish question. Mr. Mill expressed very similar opinions; and there seems to be an understanding that the thorough-going reformers shall make the questions of the Irish Church and land tenure part of their programme. At a public dinner given to Mr. Bright he made a speech in this sense, which was of course eloquent, but marked by more studied moderation than usual. The O'Donoghue presided, and spoke to the same effect. This gentleman is as nearly a Fenian as a member of the English House of Commons can well be. Besides the distinction of being called "The" instead of "Mr.," he is descended from I know not how many Irish kings, and is about the handsomest man in the House of Commons. He is a remarkably eloquent speaker; I doubt whether, in manner and voice, even Mr. Bright can be called his superior; and even when he expresses the most extreme opinions, is listened to respectfully in the House of Commons. A genuine alliance with the party he represents would strengthen our reformers for next session, and the first-fruits have already been seen in the election of a radical member for Tipperary by an unexpectedly large majority. There is a report, and on good authority, that Mr. Disraeli has persuaded the Conservative ministry to agree to concede household suffrage. It is certain that Mr. Disraeli carefully avoided attacking the principle of lowering the suffrage last session, and confined his arguments to the unfairness of the Government redistribution of seats. I think it highly probable, therefore, that the Tory leaders will propose some decided increase of the constituencies. Whether they can carry their party with them is another question.

I send you some interesting figures which have just appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, illustrative of the purity of the borough of Lancaster, which includes a country district. The "freemen" of the town have a right to vote by birth. The householders are those who occupy a house rented at £10:

	Bribed.	Percentage bribed of	Per cent.
Freemen in town.....	623	374	62
do. in country.....	357	251	70
	980	625	64
Householders,	439	92	21
Total number of electors, 1,419	717		50
		householders, 21	
		upper classes, 7	
		tradesmen, 11	
		inn-keepers, 35	
		shop-keepers, 57	
		farmers, 69	
		artisans, 76	
		small farmers, 80	
		laborers, 89	

"Bribed" means *proved* to have been bribed before a Parliamentary commission.

Fine Arts.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

II.

MR. G. H. BOUGHTON has two pictures in this exhibition, and one at Mr. Avery's rooms. The two at the Academy are Nos. 188, in the North Gallery, and 379, in the South. We shall have to repair—so far, at least, as concerns the pictures most demanding notice—the grave defect of the catalogue, and point those pictures out. "Hester Prynne and Little Pearl" is full of true and poetical feeling. If it is called an illustration of "The Scarlet Letter," it is rightly so called; a worthy illustration; one that helps the book in a way that illustrations are not apt to help; an illustration that sends one home with enlarged ideas of the grand romance itself and a desire to read it through again forthwith. Nor is that slight praise, for one can easily count up the illustrations that have given any new charm to the works they are born of. The story of "The Scarlet Letter" is told in the two admirably imagined, admirably rendered two who form the centre of the picture. In Cruikshank's "Life of Sir John Falstaff" the frontispiece is a portrait of the knight, and is inscribed "Drawn by William Shakespeare; etched by George Cruikshank." That is good; or one might say, in such another case, Created by Shakespeare, or Hawthorne; portrayed by Cruikshank, or Boughton. For it amounts to portrait painting; and to this, that Mr.

Boughton has perfectly seen what kind of woman this sufferer was, and has given us her likeness. The accessories, too—the scene, the last house in the village street and open country beyond, the heavily framed house itself, and the solid timber being worked for some future building, suggesting the days when men still built in a common-sense way. The other figures in the picture, of grown men who look, and children who mock, at the forlorn pair, are admirably imagined. No. 379 is also very charming: an old and a young Breton woman who are going through the light snow to "Early Mass, Christmas Morning, in Brittany." The rapid advance in technical skill shown in Mr. Boughton's work is very delightful to see. He does not often indulge in *tours de force*, but his quiet pictures seem to prove that he has very subtle powers of drawing. He paints, too, in a quiet and efficient way—all his own, we were about to add, but it is not wholly his own. It is rarely that we meet anything so effective as the painting of the dimly seen church in No. 379, every important detail shown to be there, but none clearly seen, all done by honest, straightforward painting. And so it is that the only regret we have to express is that these pictures do not show us color loved for its own sake. Well as they are painted, they are not painted in the best way. Indeed, color, properly so called, is not in them at all. Not that Mr. Boughton does not love color; most probably he does, and will prove it hereafter.

Few of the figure painters have done like Mr. Boughton, and sent their more important pictures. Mr. Hennessy has only one besides his contribution to the Fund, and that one, No. 388, "By the Seaside," is of a single figure. It is an interesting little picture, and the landscape has much merit; but, after all, why discuss such insufficient manifestations of a painter's strength and spirit? Mr. Hennessy has only just begun to show us what he can do. The question of last May, suggested by his large picture, "Drifting," is not answered yet. The really interesting little study before us now is only a study, and a clever one. Mr. Hennessy is on the road to success of some kind. The painting is better this fall than last spring, and that is progress; the feeling is nothing this fall compared with last spring, and that is not necessarily retrogression. The rocky cliff is certainly admirable. If it is true, as we hear it said, that there will soon be an exhibition of this painter's works by themselves, the absence of more valuable work of his from this collection will be the less to be regretted.

Of Mr. S. J. Gray's pictures this year, that which we find the best is, strangely, his contribution to the Fund sale. "The Sisters" is a picture of a baby asleep on her sleeping sister's shoulder, and that is all; but it is one of the most interesting pictures Mr. Gray has shown the world. "On the Brink," 408, is just a study, and not very successful. No. 218, "The Contest for the Bouquet," is, apparently, a portrait group, very formal and wholly inartistic. There is not much advance from year to year in this painter's rather monotonous work.

Mr. Eastman Johnson has only "A Study," No. 149. It is a study to purpose, one of the steps toward completion of those admirable pictures we know him by—his scenes of country life in New England. This little picture affords no opportunity to add anything to former expressions of the high estimation in which we hold all this painter's work.

It is a curious study to compare with the works of living painters of the human figure this by Washington Allston, "Spalatro's Vision of the Bloody Hand." It is probably one of the two or three best Allstons that exist. Much of the reputation he gained, and the more rational part of the admiration his work still commands among people of real cultivation, is founded upon less than half a dozen pictures as good or nearly as good as this. The style and treatment are strangely obsolete; they belong to a time as completely passed away as the Middle Ages. Professor Morse's great "Hercules," in the place of honor in the South Gallery, is not more antiquated than this "Spalatro."

Mr. J. F. Weir, whose large picture in last spring's exhibition was so interesting and meritorious, has only one little canvas, and that one in the gift collection. It is called, like Mr. Johnson's, "A Study," and is, like that, a study of a single human figure. This must be one of those iron-founders of Mr. Parrott's West Point Foundry, who were, we thought, rather caricatured than truly portrayed in the large picture. As often happens in such cases, the study of an individual man is better than the abstract idea of such men, as seen in the resultant work. As to the quality of Mr. Weir's painting, there is much to be said that we could only hint at last spring; but this little picture affords no proper opportunity for such discussion. His pictures are full of matter and meaning, but are yet not wholly successful pictures; why and wherein they fail, we cannot rightly consider now.

PICTURES ON EXHIBITION.

At Mr. Knoedler's Goupil Gallery there are some new pictures, just come in and soon to go again; opened since the writing of our paper of last week

and to disappear into private galleries in a very few days. Of all these, one of the best worth studying is a remarkable landscape by Courbet; the same Courbet whose pictures in the Cadart collection at the Derby Gallery last March were so much talked about and so little looked at. Those pictures made evident great though misused powers in the painter. But there was nothing in them to lead us to expect from him such a landscape as this. If, contrary to expectation, it should remain yet a little while in the gallery where it now is, we may speak of it again.

There is a large picture by Bouguereau, his contribution to the Paris Salon of last spring. It is as simple in subject as works by this painter which we have noticed before; a peasant mother holding her baby in both arms, while the child raises its hand to her ear-ring and cheek. The figures are life-size; the costume is delightful and beautifully painted; the flesh has the wonderful transparency and beauty of which this painter has the secret. While we should regret to see many painters following in this walk of art, more such pictures to be publicly seen in America would do us all great good. It is not great and immortal art, but it "looks that way" at least in thus far, that it is calm and grave, and deals in a stately manner with the human form, nowadays a rather neglected subject of art.

"The Meissonier" we mentioned last week is still in the gallery, and every one should see it. It is admirable in its peculiar way, and worth study on account of its extraordinary technical excellence.

The large Knaus picture is there also, and another and smaller picture by the same artist has been and gone, of a mother (presumably) holding the baby, at which an old maid looks with interest and contempt at once, and a young girl with rapture. It is not a picture of the first importance.

There was a sale of pictures on Saturday last at Messrs. Leeds & Miner's new gallery, corner of Twelfth Street and Broadway. The catalogue was made up of pictures by Mr. Eugene Benson and Mr. Winslow Homer, and a preface to it announced that both these gentlemen are about to sail for Europe, where they propose making a long stay. So far as Mr. Homer is concerned, we are sorry to hear it. His work is delightful and strengthening, and promises much; and although it may well be improved in many respects by residence and study abroad, it is much more likely to be injured. Mr. Homer can trust himself further than most of our younger painters; but the mere fact of his desiring to go to France and study shows that he will put himself under the influence of surroundings and teachings of which we have a great dread. Concerning his pictures which were sold the other night, the more important of them were old friends. The "Brush Harrow" was there, and the admirable "Veteran in a New Field," which we hope brought a thousand dollars, hasty and slight as it is; and the "Waverley Oaks," noticed last week. There were nineteen pictures of his, but some of them were very small, and valuable mainly as curiosities or illustrations of practice. If Mr. Homer learns to finish some of his pictures, so much will be a gain from his studies abroad.

Correspondence.

MR. MOON FOR THE LAST TIME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Mr. Moon has written again to the *Round Table*, "to base upon those errors such teaching as may be useful to students of the English language." I do not often find writers acknowledging that their teaching is based on errors. When Mr. Moon, therefore, avows that it is his "purpose" thus to base his teaching, I gladly call attention to his honesty. And after reading his article, I am ready to admit that he accomplishes his purpose. His criticism is upon "the proper use of the articles (article?) 'a' and 'an'." He has spread over two columns of the *Round Table* that which, so far as his statements are correct, might have been as clearly expressed in one-half the space, and which, so far as matter is concerned, is very trivial, and familiar to every school-boy. I do not intend to notice all the blunders which he has crowded into his essay. To do so would require much more space in your valuable journal than you are prepared to devote to such a subject. His very first sentence contains a blunder, "I finished the first criticism in this series by commenting," etc. He blunders in the use of the preposition "by." "Commenting" was not the agent or instrument by which he finished his criticism. He should say: "I finished the first criticism in this series with a comment," etc.

In the next sentence he says, "and incur for myself the charge of prolixity." Why does he add "for myself" to "incur"? The word incur necessarily contains the idea expressed by "for myself." He shows here, as he frequently shows elsewhere, a failure to apprehend the entire meaning of

a word. He uses "firstly" because he fails to discern the adverbial meaning in "first." Such a failure to appreciate the meaning of words is one of the most fruitful sources of vulgarisms. It naturally gives rise to tautologies, of which there are several instances in Mr. Moon's essay: e. g., "for, as I previously said;" "'An' becomes 'a' before a consonant sound," etc. In the first of these instances, Mr. Moon apparently forgets that the past tense necessarily expresses the idea contained in the word *previously*. In the second instance, it would be sufficient to say "'An' becomes 'a' before a consonant."

How singularly Mr. Moon uses that word "consonant!" Does he not fall into a serious error? "'An' becomes 'a' before a consonant sound." "Consonant" means "harmonizing together," "accordant." A "consonant sound" is, therefore, an *harmonious* sound. Mr. Moon should say "the sound of a consonant," or, as we Americans express it, "a consonantal sound."

Notice the inelegance of this sentence: "The converse of that is what is really the fact." Its construction resembles closely that of the slang saying: "That's what's the matter."

Mr. Moon writes: "We use 'one' when we speak numerically, and wish to signify that there are not more than one; whereas we use either 'a' or 'an' when we wish to emphasize not the number but the description of the thing spoken of." What does he mean by "speaking numerically"? Probably "speaking with reference to number." Mr. Moon's phrase absolutely means nothing. He might as well say that a man speaks classically because he speaks with reference to the classics.

The entire sentence should be much more compact than it is. A sentence two-thirds as long as Mr. Moon's would express the idea quite as clearly: "We use 'one' when we signify that there is but one; whereas we use 'an' or 'a' when we wish not to emphasize the number."

Mr. Moon writes, "But were our question to be, 'Is cness,' etc.?" Here he incorrectly brings in the idea of futurity, as will appear if we compare the sentence, "If the question were to be" with the sentence "If the question were." Mr. Moon should have omitted the infinitive "to be."

I come now to a sentence which is one of Mr. Moon's most characteristic sentences; perhaps, also, it is one of his most erroneous sentences: "It is a curious fact, mentioned in a recent number of the *Athenaeum*, that we English alone of all nations, ancient or modern, have a *bonâ fide* article which is distinct from 'one,' though contracted from 'one,' and meaning 'one.'" Before I proceed to consider the various faults in this sentence, let me mention that the whole assertion is untrue, because the American nation has the same article as the English nation, and therefore the English nation does not stand alone in this respect. "We English . . . have a *bonâ fide* article." What part of speech is "English" in this sentence? It looks like a noun in apposition with "we;" but can it be that? "English" used as a noun has two meanings—"the English nation" and "the English language." With the last meaning it is used without the article, e. g., "He speaks English." But when it denotes the nation or people, it must be preceded by the definite article or by a demonstrative pronoun. We say, "The English are a literary, or a modest, people;" we cannot say, "English are a literary people." If I say, "I like English," I am understood to speak of the language and not of the people. So, then, "English," being an adjective, not a noun, is misused here. Mr. Moon should say, "We Englishmen," or "We, the English people," or better, dropping the pronoun, "The English nation."

"Alone of all nations." The phrase "of all nations" is properly used only in denoting a comparison, after a superlative, e. g., "the greatest of all nations;" or it is used after a numeral. Mr. Moon uses it in neither of these two ways, and therefore he misuses it. Would it not be better to say: "alone among all nations?"

"Ancient or modern." The conjunction "or" treacherously leads Mr. Moon into a singular error. He divides the nations into two classes, ancient nations and modern nations, and asserts that, in either of these classes, the English is the only nation which has a *bonâ fide* article. The English is the only one of the ancient nations! If Mr. Moon had used "and" instead of "or," and by this means had brought all nations, ancient and modern, into one class, England, as one of the modern nations, might have been included in that class.

"Have a *bonâ fide* article." It is always best to avoid using Latin or Greek phrases. If, however, we do employ one of them, we should do so with the utmost care. Mr. Moon here uses a Latin phrase meaning "in good faith" as an adjective modifying "article." This is certainly an error. The phrase "*bonâ fide*" should be added only to the nouns "subscription," "contract," "agreement," and others of a similar signification; that is, expressing some act or action which the words "in good faith" may properly modify. If Mr. Moon's use of the phrase were to be generally adopted, we

should soon find grocers advertising *bonâ fide* sugar; druggists, *bonâ fide* bark; and others, *bonâ fide* articles of commerce of every kind.

Mr. Moon (to look again at the whole sentence) would have expressed the whole truth clearly if, instead of writing as he did, he had written thus: "It is a curious fact, mentioned in a recent number of the *Athenæum*, that the English is the only one of all languages, ancient and modern, which has a genuine article distinct from 'an,' etc."

I have marked several other sentences in Mr. Moon's extraordinary production, but I can just mention only two of them. He says, "It is *the using* it before the word 'most.'" Murray says, "The present participle, with the definite article the before it, becomes a substantive, and must have the preposition 'of' after it."

But I cannot expect to reach the end of Mr. Moon's blunders. It must be apparent to my readers that he is a very slovenly writer, as well as thinker, and in the least possible degree fit to be a teacher of American youth. I cannot but think what a pity it is that he did not live in the days of Lindley Murray; for one of his criticisms would have furnished the stout-hearted grammarian with a very convenient supply of "instances of false syntax, promiscuously disposed." It is with a feeling of great relief that I bid him a final good-by, and I presume that THE NATION will join me in the farewell and share with me the relief it brings.

S.

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